

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE HUDSON.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

THE VILLAGE OF TARRYTOWN.

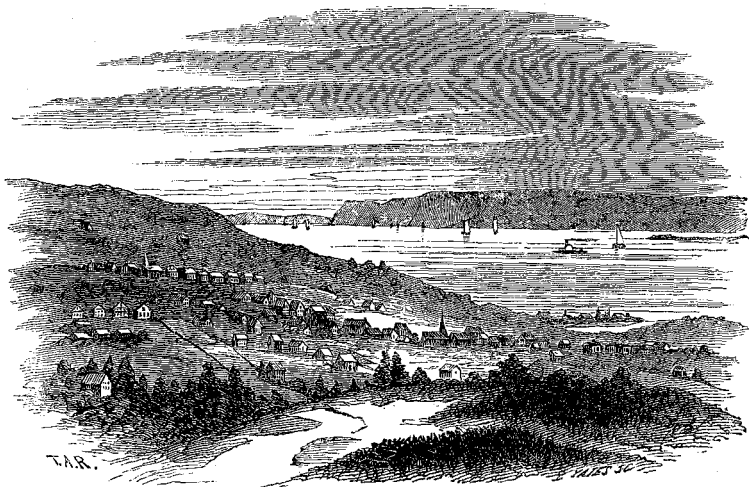
THE RIVER FROM SLEEPY HOLLOW.

VOL. LV.—NO. II.

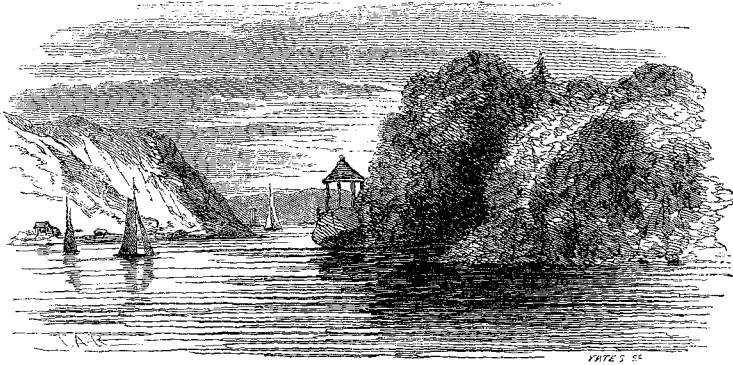
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THE village of Tarrytown lies in quiet beauty upon the verdant slopes which sweep down from the Greenburg hills to the edge of the Tappan Sea. The roofs and chimneys of the ancient hamlet are seen amidst the spars and sails of the busy river-craft far along the shore: while above, on terrace after terrace, upon the right hand and upon the left, are the cosy cottages and the stately chateaux which the more recent romantic occupation of the region has so magically conjured up. Not one of the many pictures of the Hudson falls more strikingly or more gratefully upon the eye of the traveller, as he gazes wonderingly from the deck of his passing steamer, and at no time is he more likely to consult his guide-book, or to question his neighbors. And nothing more reasonable, for the story involved is well worth his seeking and his having. Tarrytown is a famous little place, in topographical beauty, in historic record, in poetic reminiscences, and in social delight. Its chronicles go back more than two centuries, being contemporary with those of New-Amsterdam itself, for scarcely had the valorous Dutchmen of that day lighted their pipes on the then desert island of Manhattan before they began to explore the contiguous beauties. It is not likely that the attractions of the present site of Tarrytown would have escaped their intelligent notice, even without the hint they got from the Indian hamlet which already occupied it.

The first purchase hereabouts by the European adventurers was in 1680, very soon after which settlements were commenced; though up to the period of the revolution but little advance was made; for we are told that as late as 1776, the village consisted of only twelve houses. When peace and prosperity returned to the land, the settle-



TARRYTOWN—SOUTH FROM IRVING PARK.



KINGSLAND'S POINT, TARRYTOWN.

ment began to increase and wax fat, and not the less so with the help of the active enterprise of the recruits who poured in, all unbidden, from the neighboring New-England colonies—the dreaded ‘*losel Yankees*’ of the time. ‘*Tarwe town*,’ the name by which the Dutch at first called the hamlet, in memento, it is supposed, of the abundance of its wheat culture, fell, in process of time, into the present nomenclature of Tarrytown, through the agency, says Mr. Irving, of the worthy housewives of the neighborhood, who had good reason to know the village only as the place at which their forgetful husbands were prone to tarry over-much on market and holidays.

Keeping pace with the steady growth of the river-settlements, Tarrytown gradually expanded from the hamlet of revolutionary days into the populous and thriving village of these later times, and within the very few years past, since the generous outpouring upon the river-shores of the wealth and elegance of the great metropolis below, it has become one of the most sumptuous of all the present beautiful villa neighborhoods.

Tarrytown was the centre of much stirring adventure during the period of the national struggle for independence. We have already spoken of that memorable incident, the capture of the British spy, André, which occurred in what was then the vicinity, but is now the heart of the village. A populous and elegant street now passes the spot where Paulding and his companions lay hidden, and a bold obelisk points it out to the passing traveller. At the time of the action, the scene was overshadowed by a stately whitewood tree, which by a singular coincidence was destroyed by lightning on the very day that the news of Arnold’s death came to Tarrytown. The remains of this monumental tree were long preserved, but at this day not a trace of it is left. It was worthy of high regard in its own right, being a

veritable monarch of the woods, with a grand girth of twenty-six feet, and with a crown of corresponding state; but especially was it cherished and revered for the histories which were told by its swaying limbs and its rustling leaves. 'Major André's tree,' as it was called, is graphically described in the 'Sketch Book' of Irving, and pleasantly associated with the immortal history of Ichabod Crane and Sleepy Hollow.

In a little volume of 'Letters about the Hudson,' by the late Freeman Hunt, published more than twenty years ago, there is a story which may be agreeably rehearsed in connection with the arrest of André, and as a curious prelude to that history. The scene is laid above Tarrytown, near that part of Haverstraw Bay which is known by the name of the 'Mother's Lap.' Thereabouts, in the autumn of 1780, two young men, named Sherwood and Peterson, while lounging along with their muskets, chanced to descry the approach of an English gun-boat, with twenty-four men laying upon their oars. Not supposing the red coats to have any lawful object in thus seeking the shore, the two lads secreted themselves behind a huge rock near the margin of the river, and after a careful reconnoitering of the enemy, unceremoniously saluted them by the simultaneous discharge of their pieces. Two of the crew were killed, whereupon the rest, being all unprepared for such a reception, made a hasty retreat toward the British sloop-of-war *Vulture*, from which it seemed they had come. While the assailants were watching the sloop in anticipation of a renewal of the attempt to land, and were turning over the whole matter in their minds, wondering what mischief it might portend, they saw a man cautiously draw near to that part of the river-shore toward which the boat's course had been directed. A shade of disappointment seemed to cloud his features for a moment, when, observing the proximity of the two loungers, he cast a look of indifference around him, and retracing his steps for a few rods, moved on in another direction. This stranger was none other than Major André, who was at this moment on his



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH, SLEEPY HOLLOW.





THE 'OLD MILL,' SLEEPY HOLLOW.

way to the British quarters in New-York, fully possessed of all the papers and advices necessary to the consummation of Arnold's treason. But for the misadventure of the gun-boat he would have safely reached the decks of the 'Vulture' instead of pressing his course toward the city, as he did, by land; and in that event, how marvellously changed the history might have been!

A pleasant passage in the revolutionary records of Tarrytown is the story of the successful surprise by the Americans of a large corps of British refugees, gathered at the tavern of Elizabeth Van Tassel. The enemy were amusing their evening hours with cards, when Major Hunt and his volunteers rushed into the apartment, the Major exclaiming, as he brandished a huge club with which he was armed, over the table: 'Gentlemen, clubs are trumps!'

The luckless card-players were avenged by other and counter incidents in the strife, as in the capture by Colonel Emmerick of the Continental Guard, which was quartered in Requa's house, when four of the patriots were killed and the remaining dozen were taken prisoners. And again, in the spring of 1782, when a party of refugees, commanded by Lieut. Akerly, captured three American militia men, named Yerks, Van Wart, and Strong, the latter being hanged on the spot.

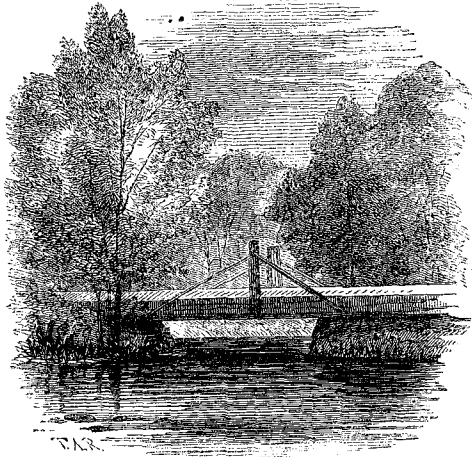
On the nineteenth of October, 1778, eleven hundred British troops

landed at Tarrytown, from batteaux in which they had embarked the evening before at Peekskill. These forces for a while occupied the surrounding heights.

At another time, the British vessels, which made their way up the river, were vigorously cannonaded from the neighborhood of Tarrytown. The country, lying as it did mid-way between the opposing armies, and occupied as it was now by one side and now by the other, the scales of war went up and down with sudden and surprising reversions, giving the laurel alternately to each.

Remains of military works are yet to be seen in the village and its vicinage, as in the old cemetery of Sleepy Hollow above and upon the hill slope below, upon which the Indian village of Alipconck, or the Place of Elms, which existed at the period of the first European purchase, is supposed to have stood.

Side by side with the historic page of our village, comes its legendary chronicles, so vivid and clinging so closely to the scenes around which they are spun, that it is hard to say which seem to us the more real, the actual or the imaginary events. For the poetic and romantic associations of the Hudson we are chiefly indebted to the fruitful and fanciful pen of the late Washington Irving. This most illustrious and most beloved of our authors, was born upon the beautiful river, and he ever looked upon its waters and upon its shores, upon every swelling wave, every rock and mountain, headland and island, with that eye of gentle affection, through which they appeared to his fancy in their sweetest and most joyous aspects. In this spirit it was that he delighted to read their histories and to tell their fortunes. In all the long course of the river we find every where the impress of his genius and love; in the tender tale clinging to this spot, the weird legend wound about that, and the droll jest which will forever be recalled by another. While he thus worshipped his dear native river, from the mountains to the sea, it was to that portion of it of which we are now writing, the generous waters and shores of the Tappan Sea, that his heart most



THE BRIDGE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.



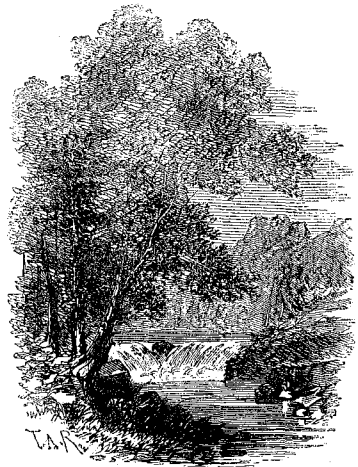
'CARL'S MILL' IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

yearned. Here, in the neighborhood of Tarrytown, was it that he passed much of his boyhood and youth, and here it was that he at length, in ripe years and in the zenith of his world-wide fame established his domestic altar, and still here is it that he at last sleeps, in the grave of his own choice, amid the scenes he so delighted to embellish.

'Sunnyside,' the home of Irving, described in our preceding chapter, stands near the river, some two miles below the landing and the railway station at Tarrytown. It will ever be, as it long has been, a revered Mecca to the literary and to the art pilgrim by virtue of its double association with both the life and the works of the departed author. In this romantic cottage Mr. Irving dwelt, with intervals of absence, during the last twenty-five years of his life, and wrote some of his happiest books, among them that crowning glory of his literary career, the 'Life of Washington.' To the graces of his genius we owe the real and the unreal 'Sunnyside,' the one as it actually stands in material form, and the other as it is known to the world away in the rich garb of romance in which his felicitous imagination clothed it. But much as we may be tempted to linger in the whispering shades of Sunnyside, it is still beyond that we must turn for the scenes of Mr. Irving's happiest imaginings; onward toward the upper extremity of our village, where our feet may enter the classic glens of Sleepy

Hollow. So perfect is the art with which these scenes are decked, that away from them the whole seems to us only a beautiful ideality, and the very name of 'Sleepy Hollow' but a poetic thought; while, when actually in their midst, the places and conditions are so real that the myths assume substantial existence in our midst, and we grow to believe as firmly in Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman as in Major André and John Paulding themselves. The unfortunate soldier was captured under the whitewood tree, and on the self-same spot down went the heart of the lank pedagogue at the sound of the groans of the pursuing Hessian. Standing upon the spot and recalling both stories, it is difficult to determine which is the real and which the ideal.

Much of the romantic association with which the pen of Irving has beautified the vicinage of Tarrytown, has grown out of the famous story which his fancy spun from the pre-conceived tradition that the region was haunted by the grim ghost of a Hessian trooper, 'whose head,' says the author, 'had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war.' That he was buried near the ancient church of Sleepy Hollow, and was wont, in dark and dismal nights, to mount his weird charger and gallop forth 'over bush and brake' in quest of his missing head; now and then compelling the frightened folk whom he encountered in his forays to mount behind him, when he would thunder onward until he approached the little bridge which crosses the brook near the churchyard which he inhabited, and would then turn into a skeleton, pitch his fellow-rider into the water, and 'spring over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder,' or vanish in a flash of fire! The little valley known as Sleepy Hollow—the scene of the legend—is represented as having been 'under the sway of some witching power, that had a spell over the minds of the good people,' predisposing them to trances and visions and to a ready credence in all species of marvellous tales and 'twilight superstitions.' In this sequestered and dreamy glen, and amidst these simple-minded folk, there 'tarried' whilome 'a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane,' whose office it was to preside in the little school-house and ditribute crumbs of wis-



BROOK SCENE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.





'ROCKWOOD'—SEAT OF EDWIN BARTLETT, ESQ.

dom to the rising generation. 'He was,' says the legend, again, 'a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country school-masters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs; hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves; feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small and flat at the top, with huge ears; large green, glassy eyes, and a long, snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.' The worthy Ichabod's professional occupation as a teacher of youth, and also as an instructor in psalmody, threw him into the society of the beautiful Katrina Van Tassel, the belle and heiress of the neighborhood, and he soon fell a victim the potency of her charms and the

dazzling picture of the plenty with which she was surrounded. As he pressed his suit, his more rustic rivals withdrew in despair; all save one, 'a burly, roaring, roistering,' and hard-riding hero, who was admired and feared all the country round under the sobriquet of Brom Bones. Brom, all undismayed by the superior graces and accomplishments of the pedagogue, stuck to his colors undaunted, and bravely disputed the prize inch by inch. As the fair Katrina was too much of a coquette to decide the question for the opposing swains, Brom was determined that they should arrange the matter themselves. Failing in his efforts to persuade Ichabod to a decision by a trial of muscle, no resource was left to the jolly suitor but his mother wit. This by no means powerless weapon he for some time wielded, in various rude practical jokes, upon the perplexed psalmist, when they were both bidden to a grand merry-making, or quilting frolic, at the homestead of old Baltas Van Tassel, the father of the contested heiress. After a notable carouse and toward the mystic hours, the assembly dispersed, Ichabod taking his way — not a little crest-fallen from some cause or other — toward the stables, where he, having bestrode old Gunpowder, the steed which he had borrowed for the occasion, made all speed for his quarters in the Hollow. He mused as he rode upon the incidents of the night, and especially upon the ghostly tales which had been told, and more than all, upon the new and fearful versions of the legend of the headless Hessian. Reaching the great whitewood tree of André memory, he was startled by what seemed to his apprehensive ears a deadly groan; and soon after prayers came to his bloodless lips as he found himself followed by the very apparition of his fears. On bounded old Gunpowder, no less terrified than his rider, in a mad pursuit, wonderfully described in the legend, until they at length approached the bridge, beyond which lay sanctuary for the pursued. At this critical moment the ghostly horseman rose like a colossus in his stirrups and hurled his head, which he had before carried on the pomel of his saddle, plump at the devoted Ichabod. 'It encountered his cranium,' says the story; 'he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.' From that day forth the school-master was missing, but on the morning following the mid-night gallop, his steed was discovered quietly cropping the grass near the bridge, and hard by were gathered the remains of a huge shattered pumpkin.

We present this rapid abstract of the immortal legend, that our readers unfamiliar with it, if any such there should chance to be, may follow us intelligently over the scenes amid which it transpired. The Sleepy Hollow of the tale lies within a pleasant stroll, a mile or so, of Tarrytown. It is a quiet nook in the lap of the hills; in its aspect, as suggestive now of repose and of sunny or shady dreams, as in the time

of the luckless Ichabod. A beautiful brook, known as the 'Pocantico,' and again as 'Mill River,' winds through the vale, and passing almost in the shadow of the old church of the legend, enters the Hudson at the upper end of the village. It is easy enough to the fancy as one rambles here, to re-people the solitudes with their traditionary inhabitants; to see again, in the person of some tall rustic, the gaunt form of the master; and in some one of the little huts, the school-house where he administered his doses of wisdom and birch, and in another the ancient abode of his host, the choleric Hans Van Ripper.

Far up in the glen, where the brook runs amid mossy rocks, is an old mill, the original of the quaint 'Carl's Mill,' where in learned colloquy with the occupant, a grave 'African sage,' the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker is supposed to have possessed himself of the 'surprising though true story,' as Mr. Irving calls his history of the 'Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow,' as well as of other astonishing reminiscences.

The ancient Dutch Church where Ichabod Crane led the choir, and



RESIDENCE OF MRS. A. G. PHELPS.

thought himself second in dignity only to the parson himself, and where the headless trunk of the unquiet Hessian was buried, stands, not in the little vale properly known as Sleepy Hollow, but nearer to the Hudson, and directly on the great road to Sing-Sing above, the original highway from New-York to Albany. It is a picturesque old edifice, apart from all the embellishments of history and romance. The walls are built of stone and of brick, imported for the purpose from Holland; and an antique belfry surmounts an old-fashioned hipped roof. Formerly the entrance was upon the side, but now it is from the gable-end, fronting the road. A Grecian portico, which was a 'modern improvement' for some years, has recently been taken away, and the old air of the building restored, much to its advantage. The church was erected in 1699 by Frederick Philipse and his wife, and a tablet set in the wall to the left of the entrance, intimates this fact. 'The interior of the edifice,' says Bolton, 'has undergone much repair and alteration, semi-gothic lights having supplanted the old-fashioned square-headed windows. The pulpit and *Heilig Avond-maal* (holy communion table) were, like the brick, originally imported from Holland, the former being a capacious affair, surmounted by a sounding-board. Like the church itself, the pulpit and canopy have not escaped the hand of innovation; but, thanks to a few generous spirits, the communion-table still remains, untouched, a venerable relic of a by-gone age. The bell of the church,' adds the writer just quoted, 'was cast in Holland, and presented by Frederick Philipse.' Upon the western end of the edifice is a curious vane, in the shape of a flag, upon which are inscribed the initials of the generous founder. The communion service, which he also presented, consists of two silver beakers, one of which bears his name and the other that of his wife. They are about seven inches high, and are richly engraved with antique figures and dainty tracery. Beside these valuable relics, the church possesses a baptismal bowl of solid silver, eight inches and a half in diameter, which is also inscribed with the name of the donor, 'Fredrych Felypse.' The old church has now fallen into disuse, except upon very special occasions.

This venerable edifice is greatly treasured by the Tarrytown folk, who delight to recount its history. Mr. Irving took especial comfort in gazing upon its dingy old walls, and the many allusions to it in his published sketches and in his correspondence, sparkle with the pleasantest characteristics both of his humor and his pathos. Long ago he selected his last resting-place within the quiet cemetery which it overshadows, and hither was he borne on the fifteenth of December last (1859) at the ripe age of seventy-six years. His honored grave will henceforth be the chiefest and dearest of all the associations which in the lapse of nearly two centuries have gathered about the classic spot.





CROTON POINT, FROM SING-SING.

Very near the church, and on the eastern edge of the pond into which the waters of the Pocantico are gathered after passing under the little bridge, is an ancient mill and the homestead in other days of the Philipse family, the lords of the manor. It is now sometimes, as formerly, called the Manor House, or Castle Philipse. Famous stories, no doubt, the time-honored edifice might tell, of its rank and state in other days, when its masters ruled the land with feudal sway, and all did them reverence. Though staunch and massive now as ever, the once proud 'castle,' is sadly belittled by the elegant and sumptuous homes which have of late years grown up so thickly around it. It has indeed, as if conscious of its faded glories, modestly retired from public gaze; for in the thick leafage which surrounds it, we can see only where, and not what, it is. The 'Old Mill' occupies the centre of the picture as we look across the pond to the river and mountains beyond. It is a varied and most charming scene, and in the mellow hues and atmosphere of the afternoon, or in the mystic shades of evening, is well worth a pilgrimage to enjoy.

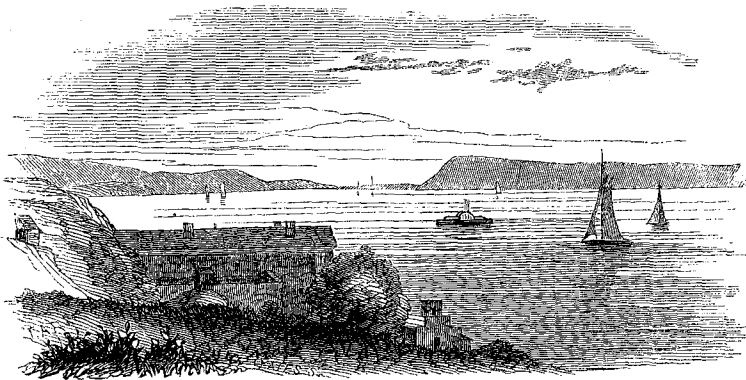
A thickly-wooded point, which makes out into the river at the mouth of the Pocantico, is named after the Hon. A. C. Kingsland, formerly Mayor of the City of New-York. His homestead stands near the extremity of the little cape, but so much within the shelter of trees, as to be almost invisible. 'Kingsland's Point' and the temple-crowned boulder, which rises from the water near the end, are pleasant features in the Hudson voyage, which will not fail to attract very gratified remark.

Some hundred acres or more of the hill and glen above the Pocantico and Sleepy Hollow have recently been set apart for an association of villa homes, under the style and title of 'Irving Park.' The topography of the beautiful tract is so happy as to present many sites of wonderful advantage, in the way of landscape beauty overlooking the

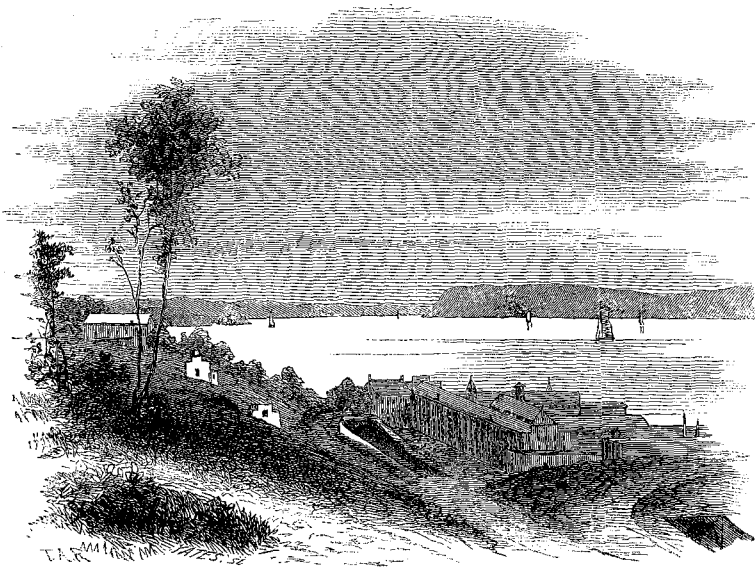
neighborhood—land and water, in every direction, far and near. The intention is, that one half of the domain shall be privately occupied; while the rest is held forever in reserve, for the general enjoyment; the whole embellished with trees, and lawns, walks, and all the many attractions of park culture.

The river lands from Tarrytown, onward to the village of Sing-Sing, a distance of some five miles, are all occupied, like those of the country below, as sites for romantic residences. Not far above the Sleepy Hollow church, lie the grounds of Gen. James Watson Webb, sloping down to the margin of the Hudson, near which his house is built; and yet beyond is the estate of Mrs. Anson G. Phelps, and the beautiful chateau of Rockwood, the seat, at present, of Edwin Bartlett, Esq., though we believe it has been recently purchased by Mr. Wm. H. Aspinwall of New-York.

Sing-Sing is the largest of the river villages below the Highlands. Its odd name 'is a corruption,' says Irving, with his wonted droll humor, 'of the old Indian name, O-sin-sing. Some have rendered it, O-sin-song, or O, sing-song, in token of its being a great market town, where any thing may be had for a mere song. Its present melodious alteration to Sing-Sing is said to have been in compliment to a Yankee singing-master, who taught the inhabitants the art of singing through the nose.' Others say the name is a variation of that of the Chinese Governor, Tsing Sing, and was brought over by a Dutch sailor who had traded with the Celestial Empire. It comes, however, from the aboriginal appellation of Ossen-ing, derived from Ossin, a stone, and ing, a place, or 'stone upon stone;' and well is the neighborhood named, for a more rugged spot of hill and ravine, and a wilder upheaving of rock and boulder one could hardly ask for within the streets of an orderly Christian town. The place, with such a varied topography, beguiling the tourist now into the wild shades of its own dark



THE FEMALE PRISON, SING-SING.



THE STATE PRISON, SING-SING.

ravines, and anon showing him all the wonders of the earth from some soaring height, is of course rich in natural beauty.

The great Croton Aqueduct, which commences its forty-mile journey to the metropolis not far beyond Sing-Sing, takes up its line of march through the village streets in great pomp and state, being borne over road and ravine on the shoulders of colossal stone bridges of immense size and strength. The great arches of these massive structures, stepping from hill to hill, like giants in a fairy tale, fall in admirably with the character of the landscape and wonderfully emphasize its bold and rugged features.

It was upon an eminence in this vicinity, called Zion Hill, that Matthias the Prophet dwelt at the period of his strange impositions, nearly a generation ago.

The village possesses several educational institutions of high renown the whole State over. Its specialty, however, and that which makes its name and fame abroad, is the celebrated prison which occupies so large an area of the river-shore below. It is an off-shoot of the first State Prison at Auburn, and was founded in the year 1824 as a drain for the excessive population of that establishment. One hundred of the Auburn convicts were brought to Sing-Sing two years later and set to work at quarrying the marble of the region and erecting the present imposing structures. The first portion of the work, a building containing eight hundred cells, was completed in 1829; and was subse-

quently enlarged, by the addition of another story, to the total extent of one thousand apartments. Besides this edifice, which covers four hundred and eighty feet of the river marge, and is five stories in height, there are others extending from the ends at right angles toward the water, giving the whole plan that of a huge quadrangle open on the west; the space within is also covered with the work-shops, in which are practised the various trades, which occupy the time and labor of the convicts. More recently another building has been erected on the high ground east of the main establishment for the exclusive accommodation of the female prisoners. The entire area of the prison lands is one hundred and thirty acres, which rise boldly from the river in rugged, rocky hill-sides; dotted all about, on the more commanding points, by the little wooden boxes, which shelter the various sentinels who watch the convicts below and the outsiders around. This prison is a striking object in the landscape, whether seen from the river or from the shore.



THE CROTON AQUEDUCT. SING-SING.



## CIRCASSIA AND THE CIRCASSIANS.

You will have learned the fall of Schamyl and his cause on the Caspian side of the Caucasus. He has been conveyed to St. Petersburg, where he will probably be pensioned and made to feel the wealth and power of his old foe the Czar of all the Russias. The Circassians of the Black Sea side of the Caucasian chain still hold out against the Emperor, and have lately made a very forcible appeal to some of the European governments against the continued warfare carried on against them by Russia, and asking that, in the great Congress to be held on European affairs, the state of their country be also taken into consideration. If England was not, at this moment, rather shy of awakening a new hostile feeling in Russia, and thus jeopardizing her feeble *entente* with France, it is not unlikely that she would stretch out a protecting hand to the Circassians, so as to raise up a barrier for her Indian possessions. It is not, however, through the Caucasus that Russia may attack India in case of need, but by the way of the Caspian Sea through Persia, or along the Chinese frontier by Mero. Those Circassians (so to call them) on the southern frontier of the Russian possessions in Circassia, on the low grounds, having long since nominally submitted to the Czar, and proven themselves unruly subjects, have now been invited to make themselves scarce, and consequently have come down to this capital, where they present the most squalid appearance imaginable. The costume of the men is very picturesque, and their tall, yellow felt caps, surrounded with black or white sheep-skin, though certainly an uncomfortable head-dress in summer, sets off well their tall figures: that of the women has nothing remarkable in it. It is composed of rather sallow-colored tchinze, pantaloons reaching low about the feet, a tight jacket, the head-dress simply a handkerchief interlaced among their hair, and the neck rather low. Some wear a corset, which makes them seem slender, and as most of them are tall, it adds much to their appearance. An occasional peep at this peculiar part of the Circassian costume can often be had as they silently follow their fathers, husbands, or brothers through the streets of Constantinople. They all, invariably, leave their faces bare. The men are decidedly handsome; and perhaps, bating their dirt and filthy dresses, the women would sustain the reputation of this far-famed, fair race of mankind.

Some three years ago an ill-advised expedition was got up here to aid the Black Sea Circassians against Russia, under the lead of Ismail Pacha, Ismail Bey, and Mehemed Bey, the latter a renegade Pole in the Turkish army. There is no doubt in some minds but that it was

fostered by the Turkish government, and especially by the present Capudan Pacha, who is the Hotspur of Constantinople, and of Circassian origin. It was composed mostly of renegade Poles and Hungarians, and had in view the collecting of the numerous Polish slaves now existing among the Circassians, deserters and prisoners of war from the Russian army of the Caucasus, supposed to amount to some ten thousand in number. It was also thought that many other Poles would desert from the Russians and join it. Among the amateurs who joined the expedition were two semi-naturalized Americans, named Romer and Wilks, both well known in Colonel Colt's far-famed arsenal of arms at Hartford. These state that 'Colt's revolvers' stand in high repute among the Circassians, who possess many of the much redoubted arms of our celebrated countryman, and that many a Russian has been laid low at the clack of a 'Colt.' All of the chiefs have purchased them in Constantinople, and Romer and Wilks acquired a high reputation among the mountaineers by their knowledge of arms in general, and these in particular.

They state that the Circassians have no towns or even villages; that they live in wretched huts made of the branches of trees, filled in with mud; that they have considerable flocks of cattle and sheep, but cultivate little ground. They even follow the chase but seldom, though their country is full of deer and wild hogs. They are Druids, though nominally Musselmans, and almost all have Arabic names, such as Omar, Mehemed Ali, etc., but in point of fact they are of any religion which may best suit their policy. They are not nomadic, that is, they do not wander about the country, because it being composed of many tribes, nearly all at war with each other, it would expose them to constant attack and to the loss of their wives and children, who would be held in bondage by their captors, or sent down to Constantinople for sale as slaves. They consider themselves extremely cunning, and believe that had they the learning of the Turks, the whole world could not match them. Education they, however, have none, and few can read or write. They are extremely jealous of all foreigners, and very selfish withal, so much so that they would not allow their Polish slaves to join the expedition designed for the freedom of their country. These slaves are stated as being in a most degraded and squalid condition, with scarce food for their subsistence. The mountains of the Caucasus contain many mines of silver, lead, and sulphur, also some iron. There is also plenty of saltpetre, so that, in their own rude way, they are able to make powder for their arms. Circassian rifles, pistols, and daggers are famous all over the East; but they are seldom made in Circassia; there are many gunsmiths engaged in their manufacture in the towns on the southern shore of the Black Sea, and even in Constantinople. They are, however, more

ornamental than useful in the hands of those accustomed to the use of more modern and improved arms. The principal disagreements attending a Circassian life, are the fever-and-ague, lice, and the itch. The latter is of the seven years' kind, and is seldom got rid of in a less period. Provisions are scarce, and bread, except Indian, difficult to procure. Coinage there is none, except a few Russian silver ones, called 'Moneta.'

Messrs. Romer and Wilks, during their residence in Circassia, made an ascent to the summit of the great peak of the Circassian range, called by the Russians the *Bladi Caucas*, and by the Circassians the *Nogay Kay*, and the *Shaguáshá*. They travelled for two days up the river called the *Subash*, a mountain torrent rising in the peak, and running down to the Black Sea. It is one of the most frightful torrents imaginable, bursting over elevated precipices, with a roar heard from a great distance, and carrying with it, in the season of melting snows, boulders of many tons weight. Their ascent was long and tedious, but favored by a Circassian whom they had induced, by high offers of reward, to be their guide. After two days' painful march they reached a plateau many thousand feet high, from which the peak of the *Nogay Kay* rises, and where the Black Sea appears as a huge mirror in the distance. Here they spent a day in repose, the only occupants of the spot being a wild shepherd with a flock of sheep and goats, and where there is little or no vegetation other than small patches of grass and a few stunted fir trees. Rising early in the morning of the third day, they recommenced their toilsome journey, and after overcoming innumerable difficulties, more from the immense size of the rocks which covered the way, than the distance, they came to the seat of a mass of almost perpendicular rock which they supposed must be nearly two thousand feet high, perfectly inaccessible. Out of this the *Subash* has its rise, and the mouth of the huge cavern out of which it rushes could be distinctly seen far above their heads. They made several ineffectual attempts to reach it, greatly to the horror of their Circassian guide, whose mind was filled with traditional tales connected with this fabled scene of the punishment inflicted upon Prometheus by the monarch of the skies. Seldom has mortal foot pressed this elevated peak. The Russian officers stationed in Georgia have never dared to attempt it, on account of the vigilance of their mountain foes, the Circassians. The guide related to Messrs. Romer and Wilks a tradition that many years ago when the torrent path of the *Subash* was less frightful than it now is, and the rocks more accessible, a Circassian warrior who had ventured up the *Nogay Kay*, after much painful labor succeeded in reaching the cavern, and groped his way some distance along the side of the icy cold stream which gushes up from unknown depths, and rushes down the precipice with deafening roar. It required all the

courage and fortitude of the Circassian to penetrate the gloomy depths of the cavern. While filled with feelings easier imagined than described, he suddenly heard the voice of an undistinguishable being dwelling somewhere in the dreary, subterraneous abode. Approaching the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, he beheld the form of a man of ancient times, covered with chains, doubtless somewhat the 'worse for the wear,' bending low beneath their weight. The captive told the Circassian that he had been confined there for being made a human being, and could only be freed by the means of a sword which then hung upon the walls of the cavern; that to reach it, he must be provided with seven hooked sticks of Cornel wood, (in Turkish called *kizziljik*;) and begged him not to forsake him, for he had been many, many long years there without seeing a human being, or hearing the voice of any living creature. On the wall or side of the cavern, hung a sword of massive size, uninjured by the dampness of the spot, and of that mysterious shining blue color which is the result of the action of fire upon iron. It seemed so fresh, that, as the gusts of wind rushed through the cavern, the Circassian fancied it moved, either from anger at his presence, or from a desire to escape from the spell which held it against the rock where it hung. Overcome by the touching appeal of the sufferer, who was loaded down with the weight of his chains, the Circassian hastened to quit the cavern, and to procure the seven cornel branches necessary for his deliverance. With difficulty he regained the base of the crag, and proceeded to descend to the plateau below, eagerly engaged in search of the objects desired. No where, however, did the cornel tree present itself to his sight, and finally imagining that sticks, cut as directed, from any other tree would serve the same purpose, he climbed a beech tree and procured seven strong sticks, each with a hook at one end. Thus provided, he returned to the mountain peak, and after addressing a fervent prayer to the druidical deity presiding over the almost celestial place on which he stood, (for this elevated peak of the Caucasian range is nearly always lost amidst the clouds,) he made his way again into the recesses of the awe-inspiring cavern, where he soon found the object of his visit and his commiseration, by the moans with which he filled the vast space around him. Raising himself up by an effort almost superhuman, the captive eagerly grasped the seven sticks, and stretching high his arm, endeavored to pull the spell-bound sword from the wall where it hung. Each of the sticks however, broke short in the attempt, until the last one had snapped; and overcome by the exertion and his anxiety, the captive again fell back to the ground with a deep moan of despair, and a clashing of his chains which resounded fearfully throughout the cavern.

'Human being!' he loudly exclaimed, 'why hast thou sought to



deceive me? to give rise to hopes of freedom, chained for so many long centuries, but to be crushed when I thought my deliverance so certain? Faithless thou art, like all mortals; their infidelity lost them their immortality, and rendered them unworthy of existence amongst the faithful ones who surround their CREATOR. I have yet power to punish thy deception. Thou shalt never have but one child, and its offspring shall also be limited to but one. One shall thy lineage ever be to the end of time. Thy child, as well as all those of thy fellow-countrymen, shall war with each other, for the purpose of selling each other's children into bondage, until all shall finally become the slaves of a stranger.'

This legend of the Caucasus is the more remarkable, as the mountaineers certainly know nothing of the fabled history of Prometheus. Whether theirs is the true one, correcting that tale by the classic authors, or is but a tame version of the real history so unusually indited, the reader is left to judge for himself. In either case it may not be deemed unworthy of admittance to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, where it may pass for fable or history, according to the wishes of those who, having promptly paid their subscriptions, are undoubtedly entitled to the right of making a choice to please themselves.

#### N E P E N T H E .

ON downy couch reclined CORINNE,  
The belle of seasons three;  
Reclined at ease in Luxury's lap,  
In languid *pose* and free:  
While orient lights outlined her form  
Against a back-ground red;  
Outlined her lovely bust and arms,  
And pretty Grecian head.

And thus the live-long day she lounged  
Youth's golden hours away;  
Thus lounged in reveried discontent,  
Ennued and sad alway.  
To her the pageant of the world  
A splendid Dulness seemed;  
The life and pastimes of her sex  
All tiresome 'bores' were deemed.

St. Louis, October 17.

She sought the secret of a life  
From sages learned and wise;  
But there was naught in all their lore  
Which could repress her sighs.  
When all at once CORINNE grew gay:  
The pathway she had found  
To joy and peace unknown before  
In FASHION'S endless round.

The ken of Age with that of Youth,  
Herein did not compare:  
For 't was a youth of tender years,  
Who drove away her care.  
The young APOLLO blushing gave  
The boon for which she strove:  
One little word comprised it all —  
That little word was LOVE.

A. R.

## MY FIRST NIGHT IN LONDON.

IN the latter part of July, 1852, I landed at Liverpool, after a run of nine days from New-York. I took the eleven o'clock train for London, and arrived at the Euston Square station about seven in the evening. Having obtained a cab, I drove to Morley's Hotel at Charing Cross, a house then, as now, very generally patronized by Americans.

I had risen early, and had travelled nearly the whole day: I felt therefore somewhat fatigued, and by the time I had dined, the evening also being pretty well advanced, I resolved to spend the remainder of it at home. Having changed my boots for a pair of slippers, I seated myself in a large easy-chair with the intention of reading an hour or two, and then going to bed. In pursuance of this resolution I retired about ten o'clock to my room. I then found myself, however, by no means as sleepy as I had anticipated I should be by that time, and I knew too well how useless, under such circumstances, it would be to seek my couch immediately; for if once you begin to debate the question with yourself as to whether you be sleepy or not, the doubt alone suffices to keep you awake at least an additional hour. I therefore, notwithstanding my previous determination of passing the evening at home, resolved to go out for a short time.

I strolled into the Strand, and had walked about a quarter of a mile toward Temple Bar, when a curious piece of clock-work in a jeweller's window attracted my attention, and I stopped to look at it for a few moments. While thus occupied, a child, miserably clad, approached me and solicited alms. I took out of my pocket a handful of gold and silver, and selecting a small piece of the latter, gave it to her. Having done so, I was about to resume my position at the window, when a woman, dressed in black, who stood near, and who had hitherto appeared to be engaged in contemplating the same object which had interested me, suddenly turned round, and without preface, addressed me:

'If,' she said, 'you are disposed to relieve the necessities of the unfortunate, I know a case which should appeal to your sympathies even more powerfully than the one you have just ministered to.'

While she was speaking I looked at her attentively, and perceived before me a young woman apparently about two or three and twenty years of age, whose face might have been considered beautiful had it not been for its extreme pallor. She was clothed, as I have said before, in black, and her dress, though by no means rich either in material or form, was not exactly what could be termed shabby. Indeed

her whole appearance was that of a person very much above the condition of a mendicant. Her language, too, struck me at once as being that of an educated woman. Yet I could not look upon what she had said in any other light than as a direct appeal to my purse in her own behalf. Still, as it was just possible that I might be mistaken, I replied by asking her for whose distress she sought relief.

‘My mother’s,’ she said simply, but with a pathos of tone which at once excited my sympathy, ‘she now lies on a sick-bed, from which she may never rise, and I am without the means of ministering to her comfort, or even to her necessities. This day found us almost without bread; I waited until nightfall, and then came forth into the streets with the purpose of soliciting charity. I made one or two ineffectual attempts to speak to some of the passers-by, but my courage failed me, and I was about to return home as penniless as I left it, when seeing you bestow charity upon the child, a sudden impulse prompted me to address you. If,’ she continued, ‘you fear to be the dupe of an impostor, you have but to accompany me a short distance to be yourself the witness of the truth of my statement.’

I had intended, when she first spoke, to give her a few shillings, but as she proceeded, I perceived very clearly that hers was a case in which assistance, to be effectual, must very much exceed in amount the sum I had proposed offering her, and I was not unwilling to verify the truth of her story before drawing more seriously upon my purse. I signified, therefore, my readiness to accompany her as she had suggested.

Without another word she at once turned down a narrow street which led toward the Thames, and I followed her. As we walked along I noticed a large building which appeared to be some public edifice, and inquired of my conductress the name of it. She informed me, and added:

‘You are not, I presume, familiar with this part of the city?’

‘No,’ I replied, ‘neither with this nor any other part, for I but landed at Liverpool this morning, and this evening set foot in London for the first time.’

‘But you have, doubtless, friends here by whom your arrival is anticipated?’ she said, in a tone which manifested a degree of interest in the matter which struck me, even at the time, as being somewhat singular. However, I answered that no one, so far as I knew, expected me.

‘Indeed,’ was her only observation, and we again walked on in silence. We turned first up one street and then down another so rapidly, that I became bewildered and completely lost my way. We found ourselves, finally, in a *cul-de-sac* or blind alley, a species of

street, which though rare with us, is frequently met with in London and other European cities.

The street was a wretched one enough, and evidently inhabited by the very lowest class of people. My guide led the way to one of the houses at the farthest end of the alley, and knocked gently at the door; it was cautiously opened, after a short delay, by a slatternly-looking young woman, and my conductress, receiving from her a small flat candlestick, led the way up-stairs, requesting me to follow her.

For the last few minutes very serious doubts of the prudence of my conduct in thus intrusting myself to the guidance of a perfect stranger, in such a locality, had been passing through my mind, which were by no means dissipated by the appearance of the house I had entered. However, it was now too late to retreat, and after a momentary hesitation I ascended the stairs. When we reached the second floor, the young woman led the way into an apartment and requested me to be seated, while she prepared her mother, who she said occupied the chamber above, for the visit of a stranger. She then left me.

The room in which I found myself was in a miserably dilapidated condition. The paper which had once covered its walls hung in strips in various places; the plaster of the ceiling had fallen away here and there, and several panes of glass were wanting in the windows, their place being supplied by paper rudely pasted on the sash. The furniture was in keeping with the apartment; a ragged carpet, an old horse-hair sofa, a wooden table and three or four broken-backed, rickety-looking chairs completed the inventory. The whole, dimly illumined by the light of a solitary tallow candle, looked gloomy enough. I approached one of the windows, threw it open and endeavored, as well as the darkness would permit, to discover what aspect the neighborhood presented in that direction. The room was, as I had conjectured, in the rear of the house, and looked out upon a small court-yard, shut in on every side by the rear or side-walls of the adjacent buildings. But two windows were visible in any of them, and in neither was there a light or other indication of the rooms to which they belonged being occupied. I closed the window and returned to my seat by the table. The vague sense of uneasiness I had experienced when I first entered the house was rapidly becoming a very positive apprehension of some impending danger.

As nearly as I could judge I had been alone about a quarter of an hour, and I resolved that I would wait five minutes longer, and then, should no one come, endeavor to find my way down-stairs and into the street. I drew out my watch; it wanted twenty minutes to



eleven. I waited patiently the time I had proposed, and then prepared to leave the apartment. What was my dismay when, on turning the handle of the door, I discovered it to be locked on the outside.

In an instant the whole peril of my situation flashed upon me. My worst fears bade fair to be realized. How blindly had I fallen into the trap set for me, to which the gold, so carelessly displayed at the jeweller's window, had doubtless been the incentive. The story so pathetically told me, had been, of course, a tale invented most probably on the spur of the moment, to excite my compassion. It had succeeded well. It was clear I was to be robbed, perhaps murdered. Why not? I had myself, I recollected — and I cursed my fatuity as I did so — told the woman, whom I had accompanied to the house, that I was a perfect stranger to the city, and therefore, she would argue, not likely, should any evil befall me, to be missed for some days at least. I recalled, too, vividly, the momentary gleam of satisfaction which had lightened her features when I made the avowal.

My situation, I could not help thinking, now bore some resemblance to that of Mirabel in the 'Inconstant,' when at the house of Lamorce. With the play itself I was familiar, and indeed who that has ever seen Murdock's admirable delineation of the character can forget the almost painful fidelity to nature with which is portrayed the mingled apprehension, disgust and indignation of a brave man forced to submit to the most degrading indignities from a set of ruffians by whom he is hopelessly out-matched? The coincidence of our positions was by no means a pleasant reflection. Mirabel indeed escapes, but here the parallel bade fair to end, for while the woman who had entrapped me might very well stand for Lamorce, I could hope for no such miracle as an Oriana to rescue me.

What was to be done? Were there no means of forcing the lock? Yes! at the fire-place stood an old-fashioned brass fender, inside of which was a set of fire-irons. The poker — not the small piece of iron crooked at one end most generally in use in this country, but a straight bar of steel, about three feet in length — would enable me to break open the door without difficulty. I instantly seized it, and was about to use it for that purpose, when a moment's reflection made me pause. The noise I should not fail to make in breaking open the lock, could not but warn those who had secured it that I was conscious of my danger and endeavoring to escape. Once in the passage, a sudden blow might dash the light from my hand, and assailed in the dark on the narrow staircase, I should have but little chance to defend myself. Escape by the window was, as I had already seen, impracticable. I resolved therefore to await the event, whatever it might be, where I could at least see and confront the peril which threatened me. I was armed; I carried in the breast-pocket of my coat a brace of small

single-barrelled pistols, and it was not without satisfaction I recollected that I had but the very day before, fearing that the sea-air might have affected them, drawn the charges and carefully re-loaded them. I had, however, found but a solitary percussion-cap in the case, and had been obliged to replace, on one pistol, the old one. Of the efficiency of that weapon, therefore, I had considerable doubt; the other, I believed, might be depended upon. The poker, too, I thought, as I glanced at it, would enable me, if things came to the worst, to sell my life not cheaply. But, suppose myself opposed, not to a single assailant but to two, or perhaps even three men — men (and I knew that London, like every large European city, must number hundreds, if not thousands such) rendered desperate by habitual poverty, and, like the murderer in *Macbeth*,

‘So weary with disaster, tugged with fortune’

as to be ready at all times to

‘Set life on any chance to mend it, or be rid of it.’

Would they be likely to be deterred from their purpose by a pistol in the hands of a single man? No! they would argue, I could hit but one, and might, and very probably would, miss even him, if they made a simultaneous rush upon me. However, that remained to be seen.

I waited quietly some minutes; still no sound. So profound was the silence and so sharpened were my senses by anxiety, that I could hear the very ticking of the watch in my vest-pocket. I began to feel a feverish anxiety to know and brave the worst.

I am, and have always been, peculiarly sensitive to the depressing influence which an ill-lighted room exercises on the mind, even under the most favorable circumstances, and, in my present situation, I did not fail to be affected by the sombreness of the apartment, which increased as the wick of the solitary candle grew longer and longer. There were no snuffers, and I feared to attempt to improve the light by any other means, lest I should extinguish it. As I gazed at it, a new apprehension seized me. But a small piece of the candle remained unconsumed. In twenty minutes, therefore, or half-an hour, I should be left in total darkness. I turned pale at the thought. All men, alike the timid and the brave, have an instinctive dread of an *unseen* danger. Ajax, the very incarnation of physical courage, when a sudden darkness covers both the contending armies, concludes his prayer with

— ‘The light of heaven restore,  
Give me to *see*, and *AJAX* asks no more.’

And the vain-glorious coward Parolles expresses the same idea when, after he has fallen into the ambuscade and been blindfolded, he exclaims :

‘Give me to live, or let me *look upon my death*!’

To remain where I was, in the dark, was out of the question. To endeavor to force my way down-stairs, an idea I had previously rejected, was now my only alternative. Still I would not, I thought, unnecessarily precipitate the catastrophe. I would wait, as patiently as might be, until as near as I could guess the light had but a few minutes to burn, and then, at all hazards, try to make my way out. I waited ten, fifteen minutes, and glanced at the light, and then was about to carry my resolution into effect when I heard a slow, heavy step ascending the stairs; it stopped at the door; there was a short pause, and then a key turned in the lock; the door opened, and a man entered the room, followed by the woman who had conducted me to the house.

If I had entertained any doubts as to what the issue of the affair was to be, one glance at the powerful, sinister-looking ruffian before me would have dissipated them. He carried in his right hand a stout cudgel, or rather bludgeon, and on the whole, presented the appearance of being a pretty formidable antagonist. Still I felt a very considerable degree of satisfaction at the thought that, after all, I had but one man opposed to me. Why the woman had accompanied him I was at a loss to conjecture, but from subsequent events, I arrived at the conclusion that her presence was due to the fact that she proposed it should serve as a check to any unnecessary display of violence on the part of her companion; though from her satisfaction, when she learned I was a stranger in England, it was evident that she had anticipated and was prepared to embrace the alternative of carrying matters to extremity should I by resistance render it necessary.

The man at once, as though any pretence at disguising his purpose were perfectly useless, said, ‘Hand me over your watch and what money you have about you, and,’ he added, seeing I showed no disposition to comply with his request, but remained motionless by the fire-place, ‘be quick about it or it will be the worse for you.’

As he spoke he advanced toward me with his arm upraised. At the same moment the woman, who had hitherto remained a passive spectator of the scene, threw herself between us, and exclaimed in a tone which thrilled me: ‘Oh! no blood, Tim. And you,’ she added, turning to me, ‘give up, without resistance whatever he requires, and no harm shall befall you.’

As she spoke a sudden idea struck me. In one moment I was at her side, and grasping her arm with one hand, with the other I drew

a pistol from my breast and presented it within a few inches of her head.

‘Advance one step and I fire,’ I cried to her confederate, who, so rapid had been my movement, stood for a moment gazing at us with an expression of stupid bewilderment on his coarse features. Ruffian as he was, the wretch paused irresolute. Whatever might be the nature of the tie which bound him to the woman I held in my grasp, it was at least such as rendered him not indifferent to her safety, and the energy of my language and manner left him no reason to doubt that I would execute my threat if driven to it. ‘Now mark me,’ I continued, addressing myself to the woman, ‘you will take that light in one hand, we will proceed together down-stairs, and when we reach the street-door I will release you. But remember, should you attempt to play me false, at the first sign of treachery on your part or that of your confederate, your life shall pay the forfeit! You,’ I said to the man, ‘will remain here; if you attempt to follow us, you know the consequences.’

Without further parley I advanced toward the door, still holding firmly the woman’s right arm; in her left hand she bore the light, and in this position we passed from the room. As we did so, I noticed that her face, which excitement had momentarily suffused with a slight color, was again deadly pale. This gave cause for a new apprehension on my part. What if she should faint? In that case the light would fall from her nerveless hand, while at the same time I should lose the advantage which her fears at present afforded me. Fortunately, however, we reached the lower hall without my fears being realized, and as the street-door swung open, I addressed my companion for the last time.

‘Your project,’ I said, ‘was not ill-conceived, but has failed somewhat in the execution; and you have given me a lesson in physiognomy which may be useful to me. Were it not that I owe you some slight consideration for your interposition when you thought my life menaced, I would deliver both you and your accomplice into the hands of justice, but as it is, I spare you.’

She made no reply, and in another moment I was in the street. I walked rapidly down the alley, and on arriving at the street with which it communicated, I was so fortunate as to meet a policeman, by whose direction I easily succeeded in regaining the Strand. In a few minutes more I was at my hotel. As I entered I heard a church clock strike twelve. Can it be possible, I thought, that I quitted this house only two hours ago; it seems as though whole days had elapsed since I last passed its portals. So true is the remark of Montaigne ‘that we measure time often rather by events than by duration;

and the greater the number of incidents that occur in any period, the longer that period appears when we look back upon it.'

I retired to my chamber, but for some time sought repose in vain. When sleep did at last visit me, it was fitful and disturbed, and in my dreams I reenacted the scenes of the evening. I awoke in the morning, feverish and unrefreshed, and it was some days before I fully recovered from the effect on my nervous system of my first night in London.

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A MEMORY OF THE LATE W. T. PORTER.

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SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERRETYPE.

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I.

A HEART where kindly words and deeds  
The founts were still unsealing,  
Whence flowed, unchecked through all their course,  
The streams of generous feeling :  
A kind, true heart, that with the joys  
Could share the griefs of others ;  
And ne'er forsook the grand old faith  
That all mankind are brothers.

II.

A soul in which the manlier traits  
And gentler were so blended,  
That none could say where these began,  
Or where the others ended.  
Alas ! to fitly speak his worth  
All words seem poor and common,  
In whose large spirit nature fused  
The tenderness of woman.

III.

Enough : his heart has ceased to beat ;  
His soul has passed the portal  
Which shuts the other world from this,  
And what remains is mortal.  
But long as brave and gentle hearts  
Are held in Memory's keeping,  
Our fond and sorrowing thoughts will haunt  
The grave where he is sleeping.

*Washington City, D. C.*

R. S. G.



## H U M B O L D T

## AT A COURT PAGEANT IN BERLIN.

PRUSSIAN royalty was soon to hold high revel in the old Schloss at Berlin. A fair daughter of that warrior line, the princely House of Dessau, so famed in Prussian song and story, was about to marry a young nephew of the King. She is a descendant in a direct line of Carlyle's 'old gun-powder Dessau'—that invulnerable old warrior, who anticipated our American story by nearly a century, when, before the battle of Dresden, he strengthened his own resolution and that of his men by the following prayer: 'Graciously, O Heavenly FATHER! aid me this day; but if THOU shouldst not be so disposed, at least lend not THY aid to these scoundrels, the enemy, but passively await the issue.'

The long line of the *Unter den Linden*, from the Brandenburg Gate to the Lust Garten, had been alive that day with cuirassiers, hussars, and infantry, who, with slow and stately march, had conducted the long procession of state-carriages, glowing in all the gilded splendor of medieval times, to the sombre-looking palace. In the largest and most cumbrous of these state-carriages I had caught a glimpse of a fair young face, and been for a moment conscious of the glance of a pair of soft blue eyes, which made me involuntarily exclaim: 'What a lovely vision!' It was the young Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, the affianced of Prince Carl.

That night, in the old Schloss, so honored as the birth-place of the Great Frederick, and so feared as the haunted spot, where the apparition of 'The White Lady' comes to warn Prussian Royalty of the approach of that greatest monarch of them all, the grim king of terrors, there was a gathering of all the beauty and chivalry of Berlin. They had come to participate in the grand ceremonies that always accompany a royal wedding in Prussia, and to celebrate the union, with the ancient 'torch-dance,' and other curious customs that date back to those shadowy times when 'the House of Brandenburg' was a vassal of Poland.

A chamberlain's ticket was the 'open sesame' that gave me admittance to the long picture-gallery, through which the bridal procession was to pass on its way to the royal chapel. On my arrival I found it thronged with a crowd of well-dressed people of both sexes, mostly from the middle classes of Berlin, whose social position was not sufficiently elevated to give them entrance into the charmed circle of Prussian royalty. Formed in two lines, with a wide space between them, they were awaiting anxiously the arrival of the procession.

Learning from one of the chamberlains in waiting that it was not expected for more than an hour, I availed myself of the leisure afforded to take a stroll through some of the principal chambers of this gloomy old pile so renowned in Prussian history. Through the courtesy of the same official, I was first escorted to the White Hall, then ablaze with myriads of wax lights, which filled this magnificent chamber with softened radiance. There, in solemn state, stood the statues of the twelve Brandenburg electors, and the eight allegorical figures, representing the Prussian provinces. It was in this hall that the founder of the Prussian monarchy placed the crown upon his head on the eighteenth of January, 1701; and three days after, in a chamber not far removed, his renowned grandson, the Great Frederick, was born. On the day of the christening an American aloe was observed to blossom for the first time in forty years, and into this White Hall the beautiful plant was brought, which the court flatterers and poets asserted was typical of the splendor that Prussia one day was to attain, under the prince just given so opportunely to the nation. The flowery crown of the aloe remained in all its pristine beauty, while the plant itself was decaying. This, too, was allegorized as indicating the speedy dissolution of the reigning monarch, which in less than a year took place.

In fact, every where through the palace recollections of the interesting story of the boyhood and manhood of Frederick the Great came thronging upon me, and the privations and sufferings he was compelled to undergo on account of the brutality of his half-mad father. Here was the scene of many of the most shameful cruelties inflicted upon this Prince, which would have crushed the manhood out of the most of human kind, but which only appeared to strengthen and develop his.

Just as I was about entering the royal chapel, a loud and long-drawn trumpet peal gave notice of the approach of the procession to the picture-gallery, and I was just enabled to obtain an excellent position in the line, as the entrance-door of the gallery swung slowly open, and the head of the magnificent procession, chamberlains and pages of the court, in the richest and most picturesque costume, swept with measured stateliness into the hall. Immediately after came the members of the royal family of Prussia, with their train-bearers and lords in waiting, their gold sticks and their silver sticks, sweeping on with proud step through the long line of their liege subjects, who gazed upon each member of the royal family with delighted eyes. The fair young Princess of Anhalt-Dessau was in the midst, but appearing at a sad disadvantage with her high crown of circlet upon circlet of diamonds, surmounted with an emerald cross, which fairly made her stoop with its weight. Her face was pale and eyes

downcast, the lids of which had a swollen look, as if she had been weeping. Could she have had any forebodings of an unhappy future? For, if report told no false tale, that youth at her side, with gross sensual look, so soon to be her husband, in a few short months after the nuptials outraged all the noblest instincts of manhood, by brutally beating the woman he had vowed to love, honor, and cherish. Immediately after the royal family followed some of the official dignitaries of the kingdom, and a few representatives of the diplomatic corps, among them Prince Esterhazy, wearing his picturesque Hungarian uniform, with a broad chain of gold in massive links across his breast and a diamond star of great size, worn as an order, the flash of which, as it reflected the myriad wax-lights above and around, fairly pained the eye with its brilliancy. For a considerable space it was nothing but a nodding of plumes, a rustling of rich stuffs, and a dazzle of diamonds and precious stones, as one after another of the *habitués* of the court circle passed on. But it was like some empty pageant at Vanity Fair. Presently there was an unusual stir among the crowd, and a low murmur pervaded the whole gallery. It was easily to be seen by the excitement and the earnest looks visible in the crowd that some very distinguished personage was approaching. I turned to my nearest neighbor to inquire, when he quickly replied: 'Do n't you observe Baron Humboldt is coming?' I saw at a glance what a remarkable hold the venerable philosopher had upon the popular mind. The flashing pageantry of the court they had gazed upon without much emotion. They felt it was a splendid but an empty show. Now the majesty of mind was approaching, and it needed no chamberlains or pages glittering in silver and gold to announce its coming; no blaze of diamonds for its ornament, for the serene light of intellect shone round about it. Dressed in a faded court suit, which looked as if it might have done service in the charming saloons of the beautiful Queen Louisa of the last *régime*, with head somewhat bowed and hands crossed behind him, the venerable philosopher moved thoughtfully on. There was a murmur of approbation, only restrained by the etiquette of the occasion from swelling into loud acclaim. Of this, however, he did not appear to take the least notice. The pageantry by which he was surrounded clearly had no charms for him, and he looked, as I have no doubt he felt, that he would have much preferred the solitude of his study to mingling in this dance of folly.

This was the first sight I had obtained of the man I most desired to see in all Prussia, and I gazed at him most earnestly therefore as long as he continued in sight. His court dress, as I have said before, was faded in the extreme, and he evidently had the student's contempt for its fopperies and fripperies. Round his neck he wore, suspended

by a plain black ribbon, the portrait of the reigning King, while the points of two or three orders were just visible, peeping from beneath the fold of the left collar of his coat. His manner was abstracted and his thoughts elsewhere than amid the splendid pomp and pageantry flashing around him. As he approached the centre of the line where I had taken up my position, he looked up for a moment, and then I was struck with his wonderful resemblance to the venerable Doctor Alexander, who has 'left a name to live' among the churches. There was the same dove-like expression out of his eyes, the same quiet repose about the lines of the mouth, and that calm serenity about the high pale brow, that all remember who ever looked upon the sweet face of the Patriarch of the Presbyterian Church. Considering his great age, at that time nearly eighty-six, his step was remarkably firm, and with the exception of the stoop habitual to the student, his carriage was indicative of great strength of system. The friend and counsellor of the last King of Prussia, and in high favor with the reigning monarch, there was nothing within the range of royal benefits that Humboldt could not have had for the asking. But, with the true pride of the devotee of science, he put away from him honors and emoluments, anxious to enrich Prussia and the world with the contributions of science, and asking nothing in return. Residing in a plain edifice in a retired part of the city, surrounded by his books, he worked on to the last, and death found him, we believe, with pen in hand, finishing that greatest of his works, 'Cosmos.' His worldly goods were not great, and, with the exception of his library, he owned no property of any great value. His library he left to his faithful servant-man, from whom it was recently purchased by Lord Bloomfield, the English Minister at Berlin, for a sum not much exceeding forty thousand thalers.

I left the old Schloss about ten o'clock, and passed out of the gate toward the Lust Garten, between those celebrated bronze horses, that are certainly the best imitation I have ever seen of those on the Monte Cavallo at Rome. As I looked up at the ancient pile, lights were glancing from numerous windows, and I could hear the faint notes of the music opening the first dance in the Hall of Knights. The next morning the prostrate form of one of the guards was found upon the threshold of a chamber in the palace, and when restored to consciousness, persisted in the story that he had seen a vision of the White Lady about midnight in one of the rooms of the palace. All Berlin believed the tale, and from the palace to the humblest cottage there was an anxious feeling as to what the future had in store. A few months afterward the Emperor of Russia died, and as he was related by marriage to the Royal House of Brandenburg, the coming of the apparition the quidnuncs conceived was legitimately accounted for.

## A WINTER HYMN.

No blossoms wild and fair,  
From the cold sods are peeping;  
Violets with blue-veined eye-lids,  
'Neath the brown turf are sleeping:  
No brier-roses shower  
Their wealth in vale or glen,  
No cowslips, Spring's gay heralds,  
Peer forth from mossy fen.

Silence is in the forest,  
And silence in the vale,  
Save when my rustling footsteps  
Startle the timid quail;  
Save when the air reëchoes  
The crow's discordant jar,  
Or through the mountain passes  
Rolls on the rumbling car:

Or a brook its fetters sunders,  
And madly goes its way,  
Dashing, in tameless frolic,  
Its curling wreaths of spray:  
My languid spirit wakens,  
I seek His sheltering arms,  
Who gives each varying season  
Its own peculiar charms.

The merry-darting squirrel  
Leaps on the leafless tree;  
His bright round eye is watching  
My movements anxiously;  
Like some coquettish maiden,  
He flies from spray to spray,  
Then turns to note his triumph,  
With cool yet shy delay.

The ice-clad boughs are glistening  
On the margin of the stream,  
As in torch-lighted caverns  
The sparry crystals gleam;  
Garlands of partridge-berries  
Are on the brown sod lying,  
And fairy trees of snow-white moss  
With sea-born coral vying.

Fair in their sculptured outline,  
Stand the shorn forest kings,  
While at their feet no lichen,  
With crimson beaker, springs:  
Deep gladness thrills my spirit,  
Forth swells the impassioned prayer  
To Him who makes each season  
His own peculiar care.



## LIFE AMONG THE KAFFIRS:

OR SKETCHES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA,

BY JOHN ROSE.

WHILE travelling in the Zooloo country, which joins that of the Bechuannas to the southward on the south-east coast of Africa, our party consisting of three, Archbell, Anderson and myself, we received a call from an old Bechuanna chief, one of the most intelligent men of his tribe, then on a visit to the Zooloo king Panda. The old chief regarded us with much curiosity, asked us many questions about the white nations beyond the big waters, and after spending a couple of hours with us, and having exacted a promise from us that we would on the morrow accompany him to his Umzi (village) and partake of the hospitalities of his Kraal, (hut,) he took his leave apparently greatly delighted with his visit.

Having heard much of the friendly and hospitable character, singular habits and modes of life of the Bechuannas, and our curiosity having been moreover excited at Moffat's description of the tree-villages in that country, which we were desirous to see for ourselves, it was of course with no little pleasure that we accepted the escort of the chief and his followers.

After five days' journeying through one of the most beautiful, fertile, and healthy regions of the earth, in truth 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' we reached the borders of the Bechuanna country. Though the pen of a James would fail to convey any idea of the magnificence of the scenery which greeted the eye during the first few days of our travels, yet we had observed comparatively no indications of the splendor that was to meet our gaze when we reached the mountain top which overlooked the valley of the tree-villages. We were seized with involuntary amazement when the scene burst upon our enraptured gaze. Spread out before us in the form of an amphitheatre, and covering an area of about nine square miles, lay a beautiful fertile valley, covered with luxuriant vegetation, rejoicing in an eternal verdure, where wild and luscious fruits hung invitingly at every step, ripening beneath a sky of more than Italian splendor. In the midst of this delightful scene, and occupying a grand and romantic solitude, stood a gigantic tree, supporting amid its rich, green foliage what appeared at first to be a number of bee-hives, but which, upon nearer inspection, we ascertained to be the huts or domiciles of the inhabitants. The tree bore upon its wide-spreading branches

eleven bee-hive-shaped habitations, from nine to eleven feet in diameter. The rich, green pasturage, sparkling rivulets, and neatly cultivated plots of land in the vicinity of the tree made it indeed a charming sight, while in the surrounding distance the frowning chain of mountains fringed with mamosa trees, formed a most striking background to the picture.

The Bechuannas roost thus in the trees for protection against the lions and tigers which abound in that part of the country, and are very destructive to human life. One tree forms a village; slender twigs fastened in a circle, (to a platform of bamboo extending from branch to branch,) and united at the centre, form the skeleton of the hut, the space between the twigs being filled up with reeds, and the whole thatched over with bulrushes. The huts are supported by forked sticks or poles, the ascent being made by means of notches cut in the supporting poles. The younger branches of the families generally reside in the top story.

A sudden flight from the ground to these airy habitations upon the alarm of tigers, forms one of the most comical scenes that can be imagined. While sojourning among the Bechuannas, we had an opportunity of witnessing one of these routs. The inhabitants of the tree were scattered in all directions, variously engaged, the men in field sports, the women in agricultural and domestic duties, and several groups distributed beneath the shade of the tree in various picturesque attitudes, and enjoying themselves in alternate snuffing and smoking. All at once the well-known cry of 'Tigers!' rang through the forest and startled the whole community. The brave among the men flew to their arms, and 'helter-skelter,' one over the other, men women and urchins, yelling, screeching and squalling in a perfect Babel of hideous outcry, kicking over milk-pans and water-baskets, the whole crowd swarmed to the tree; the women caught up the children, each man picked up his *nearest* wife under one arm, while with the other, assisted, cat-like, by his toes, he climbed with spouse and progeny into the perch, while beneath the tiger-hunt progressed. The yelling of the men below, mingling with the tigers' cries, and the turmoil from the tree, gave a very lively idea of the music of Pandemonium.

The little that is known or read, concerning a great portion of Southern Africa and its inhabitants, is just sufficient to render the remainder extremely doubtful; and these sketches (which are the result of my own personal experience and observations) will convey a clearer idea of the country, the state of society, the form of government, the manners, customs, and general mode of life, of the people of this interesting region.

Upon the southern limits of the African continent is situated that

immense tract of country known as Kaffraria, and its northern frontier which trenches on the wilderness, is inhabited by the most formidable of all the Kaffir races, the Zooloos.

The country of the Zooloos, or Amazooloo, as it is called, stretches from the twenty-seventh to the thirtieth parallel of south latitude, occupying on the African continent a position similar in respect of latitude to that of Rio Grande on the continent of America, on the very verge of the unexplored deserts, and more than twelve hundred miles north-east of the Cape of Good Hope. The Zooloos are a warlike, nomadic people, who it is thought have conquered and extirpated the former inhabitants of the country they now possess. They are a fine, handsome race, bold, fearless, and commanding in appearance, superior in stature and beauty to all the other African races; in shape they are tall, robust, and athletic; good-humored, frank and pleasing in manner, and with a dignity of carriage, and an openness of eye indicative to the beholder of dauntless courage and perfect independence.

While travelling among these people, I was much prepossessed in their favor. They have none of the morose churlishness of manner which characterizes some native tribes; on the contrary, they are cheerful, sprightly, and susceptible of kindness, and not backward in showing gratitude. They evince much acuteness and penetration, are quick in acquiring knowledge, shrewd in making a bargain, and generally true to their word.

The capital of Amazooloo, the residence of the king, owns to the very musical name of Unkungunhlovo. As we approached the city, nothing could exceed the surpassing grandeur of the scene. The sun was rapidly diving into the abyss of heaven, and seemed for a few moments to pause in mockery upon the summit of a gigantic berg, while the whole landscape was flooded with the warm coloring and tints of a southern sky, and in the distance we beheld the Indian Ocean, with its vast expanse of merry waves, lending an additional charm to the scene.

As we looked upon the Zooloo capital from among the mamosa trees on the distant hills, it wore more the appearance of a race-course than a city. It is perfectly circular, and the huts of the inhabitants are built around it like a gigantic ring, three miles in circumference, the area serving for a parade-ground; a wooden fence or stockade surrounded it at a considerable distance from the huts, and forms its only fortification.

Upon our arrival in the city, our party were invited by one of the principal chiefs to partake of the evening meal at his kraal, where we were very hospitably received by his wives and friends. When we

joined them, a large earthen pot, filled with buffalo meat and the flesh of the hippopotamus, was swung *à la Gipsy* over a large fire in the middle of the assembly, who were grouped in a circle around it, contemplating its beauties; and when the Kaffirs were sufficiently warmed, and the buffalo, etc., well boiled, the most venerable person of the swarm made a rush at the contents with an enormous spoon, which takes up a pint at each dip; a dozen spoonfuls is nothing to a hungry Zooloo; the rest of the company followed suit, and continued eating until they were *filled up* or *blown out*, and they manifested much surprise at *our* short-comings in the devouring line. When the meal was over they commenced singing in head-splitting style, with an accompaniment of whistling and clapping of hands, in laudation of the reigning monarch, themselves, and their country.

The ingoodor or smoking machine was then handed round; it is made of a piece of reed inserted in the horn of an ox, and used for smoking the leaves of the wild hemp; the smoke is drawn into the lungs through the wide aperture of the horn, which almost covers the face. When the individual is perfectly filled with smoke, he hands the apparatus to his neighbor to enjoy the same luxury. A native beer, called *sopoku*, was also served round; the beer is brewed from India or guinie corn, and fermented with milk, and so thick that it forms both victuals and drink. It is not intoxicating when taken moderately, but this objection is provided for by taking it in large quantities, a gallon or two at a time; and the Zooloos being somewhat modest, as the ancient Romans used to bind their heads with the leaves of the ivy, believing that that plant dispelled the fumes of the vine, so the Zooloos cover their foreheads with top-knots of birds' feathers, to conceal, if they cannot dispel, the effects of the *sopoku*, their pride as warriors teaching them to avoid the appearance of being overcome by liquor in the presence of their women.

The easy, social disposition of the Zooloos makes singing and dancing a great feature of their lives. The songs are most of the king's own composition. Before opening the concert they seat themselves in a circle; then, when the song begins, they jerk themselves to-and-fro and up-and-down, the movement gradually increasing in quickness as the song progresses; every singer becomes excited, and jolting his body in the most grotesque manner, puffing all the time with a noise like that of a locomotive coming into a station, and every now and then giving vent to his ecstatic feelings, in a shrill whistle, reminding one still more of a steam-engine.

There is usually very good rhyme in their music. Nor are their ideas devoid of a certain rude poetry, as the following translation of one of their songs will show:

'Zooloo has returned from war,  
From breaking his enemies' spear,  
And the skulls of his foe are broken;  
The land behind us is red with blood,  
Red as the heavens when the sun is dying.  
The voice of the battle was great at noon,  
For the warriors were many and strong;  
But at eve it was still, very still,  
For the foes that shouted were dead, every one;  
And Zooloo stood on the mountain,  
On the ground his valor had won,  
And he gazed down on the valley,  
On the rivers of blood;  
And the spear of Zooloo pointed to them,  
And he cried: We have done it  
For the glory of our country and king,  
We have gained great spoils from mighty warriors,  
And our kraals shall be filled with cattle;  
Milk shall flow through our land,  
Our women shall grow fat with the spoils of the foe;  
They shall caress us when we come from  
The breaking of bones,  
And their kiss shall be sweet to our lip;  
They shall be proud and happy,  
For they are the women of Zooloo,  
Who is very mighty,  
And high above all other nations of the world.'

During the course of such songs, and under the excitement which it occasions, a quarrel frequently occurs. The disputants spring up immediately and settle the difficulty with their club-sticks or knob-keries, something in the same fashion as the quarter-staff play practised in England a few centuries ago. Having settled the dispute, they rejoin their friends as if nothing had happened.

These songs, with dances, are almost their sole amusements. The dances are frequently upon a scale of great splendor. Sometimes four thousand or five thousand persons assemble; the king on such occasions always being present, and very ambitious to acquit himself well in the national amusements. They dance in a circle, the women being placed in the middle of the ring; each dancer has his movement, and the harder he stamps and the higher he jumps the cleverer he believes his dancing to be. I have occasionally met persons in more civilized society, who apparently hold the same opinion. At one of these great dances I had the pleasure of being introduced to about one hundred of the king's wives, among whom were five poetesses, whose songs were exclusively sung on the occasion. It is at these merry-makings that matrimonial engagements often take their origin. If a man becomes enamored at the dance, he presents the lady with a



calabash of snuff or a few strings of beads, which are highly prized by them; should these prove successful, the next step is to present himself at the girl's kraal and demand her in marriage. He is then invited to enter the kraal and partake of its hospitalities, and is confidentially enjoined by the father to use his best effort to please the young girl and win her to his desires, so as to avoid compulsion, which would be resorted to in case of her refusal of the young man's offers. The elder branches of the family usually retire on such occasions, and leave the young people to enjoy themselves as they best can. Dancing and singing, aided by more material feasting, is immediately 'in order,' and gone into with great gusto. The young suitor exerts himself to the utmost to render himself pleasing, not by remarks upon the weather, but by exciting admiration for his vocalization and agility; he sings several songs descriptive of his passion. Should he succeed equally with the parent and daughter, they appoint a day for the meeting of the friends of both parties, to decide upon the merits of the girl and her value. On that day the bridegroom, together with his friends, seats himself at the door of his kraal and waits the arrival of the bride, who comes escorted with the people of the tribe. She is tastefully attired, her hair being decorated with feathers in imitation of a crown, and her skin well oiled and polished for the occasion; she wears a skin petticoat, reaching from the waist to the knees, called an issekaka; the rest of her body is left naked, except for a profusion of beads, of which many rows are suspended round her neck. The overture is as often made by the women as the men. The bride's father usually sends a cow with her as a present. When she arrives in the presence of her future husband, she and her attendants perform a dance, accompanied with as large an amount of noise as they can conveniently get up for the occasion. It is the aim of the lady on this occasion to appear as agile as possible in the presence of the bridegroom's friends, and that which she may lack in grace she makes up in expertness. The ballet being finished and all present being satisfied with the lady's performance, her friends proceed to settle the important question of how much she is worth, the average price of a young miss being from six to ten cows. Beauty is estimated by bulk, the fattest woman is the most valuable; and she must be a Helen or a Venus whose worth is considered equal to twelve cows. The girl is valued perhaps at six; her lover offers three; the offer is rejected. Very much chattering and haranguing on both sides take place, but at length the bargain is struck at the price originally demanded, and the bridegroom is made a happy man by the gain of a wife and the loss of six cows.

Then an ox is slaughtered and a feast takes place, at which astounding feats in the devouring line are accomplished. Twenty hungry Zooloos will devour a bullock in four hours, and leave, except the

bones, 'not a wrack behind.' Then comes the Issigaziso, or washing with beads for joy, which is done to signify the washing away of all past sorrows, and is also a symbolical hint of the necessity of cleanliness in the household, a striking characteristic of the Zooloos, and indeed among all savages.

The new wife remains the pet of the kraal about as long as her husband remembers the six cows she cost him; as soon, however, as he ceases to brood over the expense of his lady-love, her influence begins to wane, and he casts his eyes about him to find another investment of a similar nature.

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I N M E M O R I A M.

Up in the steeple tipped with gold  
The dreary mid-night bells have tolled;  
And the spectre-like clouds go flitting by,  
While the echoes dying say, as they die,  
'T is gone, 't is gone.'

'T is gone, 't is gone,' the thoughtless shout,  
'The new year's in — the old year's out;'  
But ah! there are many who say, with a sigh,  
With the bended head and with tearful eye,  
'T is gone! 't is gone!'

'T is gone;' the pale moon saileth by,  
So far from earth, so near the sky;  
And the steeple's shadow moves o'er the sod  
Where the chiseled marble saith, 'Gone to God!'  
Gone, oh! gone!

Gone, oh! gone: and the bells that tolled  
Up in the steeple tipped with gold,  
Woke a broken heart from a troubled sleep,  
To fold thin hands, and to whisper and weep,  
'T is gone, 't is gone!'

Gone, O God! and old Sexton Time,  
Who rang just now the dead year's chime,  
Wrote its name on our hearts with iron hand,  
With a vanished one's in the silent land —  
Gone, oh! gone.

Gone, and our hearts are buried there  
With that dead year, while to his heir  
The cypress we bring, not the holly bough,  
For a loved one *then* but an angel *now*  
With the old year gone!

E. B.

## B E H I N D   T H E   S C E N E S .

FROM the time when that veteran actor, Mr. Thespis, was in the habit of travelling with his ox-cart on the Attic circuit, down to the present days of gilded and decorated 'dramatic temples,' the theatre, and especially that part which is concealed from the spectators, has been a subject of interest and curiosity to the uninitiated. There is something so mysterious about the trap-doors, the working of the scenery, the red fire, and above all, in the way in which common men and women become kings, or queens, or spirits, or indeed any thing but common men and women, that it is no wonder so many people should be seized with a desire to go behind the scenes.

It is like being let into a secret, to be able to see how the water-wheel is turned by a man with the aid of a crank, how the waves of a particularly stormy sea are made by sundry sheets shaken at the ends, how the thunder is only the banging of an old piece of iron, and the rain only the rattling of dried peas in a box. The audience see and hear only the effects, you see the causes: now to see the causes of things, and to know more than one's neighbors, is just what pleases every body.

But however this may be, Mr. Samuel Coot, in walking down with Mr. Charles Snipe to their 'store,' or more properly, to their employers' store, expressed a wish that he could go on the stage and see how things were done.

'Very easy thing,' says Snipe — Snipe is an old bird, and is up to a thing or two — 'the Italian opera is here. Go on as a *super*.'

'That would be jolly,' says Coot, 'but how am I to get on?'

'I'll fix it for you,' says Snipe, 'and perhaps I'll go with you. It's an infernal bore, to be sure, after the first time, but then I have n't been on for a year, and besides, it's a very cheap way of hearing the opera. Only bring a dollar with you, that's all.'

As Snipe did the thing to accommodate Coot, of course it was no more than right that Coot should pay the bill.

But Coot was in ecstasies. All that day he could think of nothing but the opera. His ledger became in his imagination a stage, while the sum total of a column became a line of supernumeraries, with a big figure nine for a captain. He said, 'Yes, my lord,' to the senior partner, and was on the point of telling him that 'his carriage waited,' but remembered in time that it was only an express-wagon at the door. He bought a libretto of the opera, 'Robert le Diable,' and read it while dining at his eating-house, indulging himself also with frequent peeps into it all the afternoon, to the considerable detriment of his accuracy as an accountant.

The longest day, however, must have an end, and this day, although very lengthy in Coot's estimation, was certainly not an exception. The friends were at the stage-door an hour before the commencement of the performance, and after Snipe had held a short but mysterious colloquy with the door-keeper, they were admitted. Every thing within was dark and gloomy.

'Follow me,' said Snipe, 'and mind you do n't stumble over any thing.'

So Coot followed him along past some piles of scenery and then down the stage, which was thrown open even to the dead wall at the back.

'Look about you,' said his guide, 'and see the size of the thing. They have n't begun to 'set' it yet.'

Coot had but a faint idea of 'setting the stage,' on which he was standing, and which sloped away down to the green curtain, through which the faint glimmer of the lights in the house could be seen, but he looked about him and then up the tangled net-work of ropes and pulleys so far above his head, and began to feel himself growing uncommonly small.

'Come on,' said the dauntless Snipe, and immediately commenced a descent down what appeared to be the cellar-stairs. Arrived underneath the stage, a short walk past the machinery for working the trap-doors, brought them to a low room, well-lighted, and redolent with stale gas and the fumes of burnt cork. A large, rough, wooden table in the centre, with another table, or shelf, which ran all round, against the wall, both covered with garments of all shapes and sizes, left only a narrow space between, which was filled by fourteen or fifteen men, in all the different stages, from the grub to the full-blown butterfly, that is to say, from very ordinary-looking individuals, in still more ordinary-looking clothes, to gay, rosy-cheeked, moustached young lords. Some were struggling into not over-clean woollen tights, some putting on slashed doublets, which were always either too large or too small for them, while others were be-rougeing and be-corking their countenances, with a most lavish hand.

These young scions of nobility did not cease these preparations, although they looked rather askance at the new-comers. Coot had time to observe all these things, while Snipe was having a short conversation with the captain of the supers and the dresser. Finally, two bundles of clothes were selected and the friends essayed to put them on. Now, Coot is by no means an Apollo Belvidere, in his proportions. In fact, Nature, although perhaps not sparing in her materials, has been a little careless in her manner of putting them together. It is as if the frolicksome dame, in rolling him out, had rolled him too much, and on standing him up and finding how tall he

was, had struck him a powerful blow on the head, with the intention of making him shorter, which blow, instead of producing the desired effect, had unfortunately only driven his neck down into his shoulders and caused his legs to differ somewhat from the perpendicular. An intelligent tailor, with a judicious use of cotton, has considerably improved on the original, but when deprived of his handiwork, it may be supposed that Coot's appearance is, to say the least, not imposing, especially if you add a pair of spectacles, placed astride an uncommonly large nose.

Now, imagine Coot in tights which fitted no better than those of Shakspeare's 'lean and slippered pantaloons,' struggling at an old green velvet doublet, which was something like a little boy's frock, only larger, and which he was trying to put on in the same way as if it had been his coat.

'Turn it about!' said the dresser, who discovered his difficulty; 'it buttons behind.'

And so he helped him on with his doublet, pinned around his neck a great white linen collar, stuck a velvet cap very much over one eye, and got him a pair of russet boots, several sizes too large, which slipped off at the heel at every step.

'Now then,' says the dresser, 'to make you look gay!'

He accordingly drags him across the room, to where there is a looking-glass and a box of red powder, something like very fine brick-dust, into which he dips a dirty bit of cotton cloth and proceeds to daub over the cheeks of his unfortunate victim. Afterward, he sticks a wedge of cork in the gas-light, and with the hot and grimy end draws most artistically a large pair of moustaches. Then he takes out of a draw, what he calls a pair of whiskers, but which is only a string, with a little horse-hair stuck in the middle. This he ties on, with the string passing over the head, sticks on his cap again, and behold, there is our hero all equipped, as good a lord as the best of them!

'Look in the glass,' says the dresser, 'your own mother would n't know you.'

His own mother! Why, he cannot recognize himself! That singular-looking individual, with the blushing cheeks, smutty upper-lip, and a row of hairs around his chin, answer to the name of Coot? There is nothing about him natural, except his spectacles.

'But the moustache,' he ventures to ask, 'won't the audience see it's nothing but cork?'

The dresser grins.

'Stuff!' says a lord behind him, whose voice somehow sounds strangely familiar, 'stuff! Not one in a hundred will notice you at all, and if they do, they can't tell cork from hair, so far off.'



Coot turns around and recognizes his friend, who is attired much in the same manner, only in purple, and who proceeds to redden and blacken his face, like the others.

'Will yes be after fixin' this top button?' says a lord, evidently belonging to the Irish nobility. 'The divil take it! I can't make it stay anyhow.'

Coot attended to the wishes of the noble peer, and as Snipe was by this time ready, they proceeded up-stairs together.

'This is n't the chorus?' whispered Coot on the way up.

'I should rather think not,' was the reply, 'they have rooms up-stairs, and wear better dresses. They have nothing to do with the supers.'

'Supers, do you call them?' said Coot, 'why the fellows in the gallery always call them 'supes.''

'What if they do?' said Snipe. 'Come, cork up, and do n't show your ignorance.'

Coot said no more, but contented himself with looking about him.

The stage had been set and lighted up while they were dressing. The scene was the camp of the Sicilians, near Palermo, with tents scattered about, and toward the front two gilded tables, with goblets, dice, etc., were placed. The theatre people were beginning to bestir themselves. Some of the chorus, in the dress of knights, were wandering about, and now and then bursting out into the fragment of an air, the stage-manager and the carpenters were bustling here and there, and the orchestra in front of the curtain were giving sundry preliminary squeaks. Every thing betokened that the opera was about to commence.

Coot looked at things with a curious eye. The scenery was painted so coarsely, that he hardly noticed that it represented any thing in particular. Between the wings, or side-scenes, and the walls, there was only a narrow passage, half-choked up with scenery. Toward the curtain, however, the space was clear, and there on one side of the stage, most of the supers were collected. The other, or prompter's side, was appropriated to the Italians. Coot, who by this time had got separated from his friend, wandered over there, and got sent back just about the time the orchestra was finishing the overture. Suddenly the captain of the supers, a big man in a suit of yellow and gold, who in regard to the size of his lower extremities somewhat resembled that rollicking Irishman,

'The brawny calves of whose wicked legs  
Were more than half a yard across,'

made a rush at his flock of lordlings and sent them all on the stage at one of the upper entrances, where they stood in those peculiarly

graceful positions which men are apt to assume who don't quite know what to do with their hands and feet.

The front of the stage was left clear. Then there were two tables, where Robert with the unpleasant cognomen was to stake and lose his whole fortune on the dice, at the instigation of the diabolical basso. Here officiated two young ladies of the *corps de ballet*. Behind these were the chorus, who, clothed in suits of armor, represented knights and warriors, and behind them were the supernumeraries, who represented nobody, but like manager Crummles' celebrated pump and tub, were only put on to fill up.

'All ready,' calls out some one, and after a small bell has tinkled twice, the great curtain rises majestically but noiselessly, and Coot for the first time faces an audience. He sees tier rise above tier, but can hardly tell whether the house is full until he gets a little used to the glare of the foot-lights, and even then cannot distinguish countenances. He soon feels at home, however, and ventures to move about a little, and to talk in whispers to Snipe.

But the action, or rather music of the opera proceeds, and the time soon comes for all the second-rate people to go off and leave the principals to finish the act by themselves, which they do, very much to their own satisfaction at least. At the fall of the act-drop every thing is in confusion. The stage is filled with all sorts of people, in all sorts of dresses, from Robert, in glittering chain-armor, to the carpenter with his green jacket. One of these latter gentry, possibly through accident, but very likely out of mischief, ran into Coot with a big piece of scenery. Our hero darted a fierce glance at the offender through his spectacles, and muttered to Snipe that 'if the fellow did it again, he should tell him that he had better not!' which terrible threat he fortunately had no occasion to fulfil.

The curtain was raised for the second act, after a short delay, and Coot amused himself by leaning against the wings and listening to the singing, which for a good part of the time the basso had pretty much all to himself, and made use of the opportunity, to emit tones from as near the pit of his stomach as any human basso ever has done or ever will do. Finally, having exhausted himself with this kind of chant, he finished the scene by darting into a mysterious cave, from which, at appropriate intervals, flashes of fire—the work of an old carpenter with a torch and some resinous powder—had been issuing. Again chaos reigned behind the curtain. The bustle was even greater, since the next scene, representing the ruined abbey, required more than common preparation. Besides, the crowd was augmented by the *corps de ballet*, in all the glory of muslin and crinoline, quite destroying the peace of mind of our friend Coot, who attempted to enter into conversation with some of them, and got himself snubbed,

since they only laughed at him, and turned their backs. Two of these young ladies got each into a sort of sarcophagus, which stood on end for the purpose, and were afterward lowered back on the stage by wires and left there, ready to be drawn up again when they were wanted. Then some censers, which hung from a row of arches at the back, were lighted, and after various other preparations, every thing was ready.

Up rises the curtain, and Bertram enters with Robert, whom he has brought to be tempted. While they are having a musical dialogue, will-o'-the-wisps appear at each of the wings, consisting, Coot observes, of little sponges filled with lighted spirits, attached to the end of long wires, which are waved about by men behind the scenes. Presently Bertram determines to call to his aid the spirits of the abbess and the nuns, who are supposed to lie buried beneath the ruins of the convent, and who, in their time, must have been, for religious people, a good deal given to pleasure. So after an appropriate invocation, the sarcophagi are tipped up on end and the nuns and the abbess rush out from the wings on each side, and have a little dance together. Then the abbess has a little dance all alone, at the end of which she stands on one toe, points the other toward the flies, and offers Robert a golden goblet. Of course the young knight cannot refuse it, after all the trouble she has been at, and he accordingly drink her very good health, upon which the abbess has another little dance all alone, and in the end leads him to the tree, and with a good deal of difficulty induces him to pluck the magic branch. Then some devils, who are only supers with ugly masks, red bodies, and long tails, rush in and seize the nuns, who fall down in various pretty attitudes of terror, the red fire is lighted, and the act ends with a tableau and a good deal of smoke.

All this passed off finely, in spite of a little disturbance behind the scenes, which was soon quelled, and which was caused by one of the devils having facetiously stuck the end of his tail in another devil's eye, at which the injured demon was justly indignant.

The fourth act followed, introducing for the first time the ladies of the chorus, to whom nature had been unusually sparing of her gifts, and who stood up in stiff-backed dresses as straight as if it were impossible to sing and move at the same time. The knights and lords were placed behind an arched doorway, covered by curtains, which were drawn aside at the proper time by carpenters. The second time they were displayed to the audience in this manner, the chorus leaned their heads on each other's shoulders and counterfeited sleep. Coot seeing their postures, but mistaking the signification of them, notwithstanding a funny man next to him snored loudly, put on as mournful a face as he could command at such short notice, and was much shocked when,

on referring to the libretto the next morning he found that they were all supposed to be in deep slumber through the influence of the magic branch. The curtains were drawn together again after a minute, however, and Coot felt his arm seized by Snipe.

'Come down quick,' said the latter, 'and get the first wash. We are not wanted in the last act.'

So the two hurried down-stairs to the dressing-room, took a hasty wash, when their turn came, in a large white basin, found a tolerably dry place on a big coarse towel, and were soon attired *in propria persona*. They waited around the wings until the end of the opera, more from a desire of seeing it finished than of hearing the music, which, with the interruptions behind them, was not too distinct. Coot could not resist the temptation of leaning forward once in a while in sight of the audience, in hopes that some of his friends would see him, and imagine that he had the *entrée* of the stage. No one who knew him, however, happened to be in the right part of the house, and the only result of his manœuvre was a remonstrance from the stage-manager.

The last act of 'Robert' is a short one, and the green curtain soon descended, the lights were extinguished, and the theatre was, in an astonishingly short space of time, left in gloomy solitude.

Half-an-hour afterward, two young men were finishing their fancy roasts and ales in the corner box of a certain well-known saloon.

'Well, Coot,' says one, 'on the whole, what do you think of going on as a super?'

'Why,' was the reply, 'it will do very well for once, but — but —' here Coot hesitated as he thoughtfully prodded a bivalve with his two-pronged fork and turned him over for inspection — 'but *it's not such good fun as eating oysters!*'

#### I N F E L I C I M U S .

SHED not a tear for MAGGERY,  
Dead, with despair, let her rest;  
Alike with the cold sod cover  
Her shame and the babe on her breast!

Plant but one lily above her,  
Type of a sweet grace lost;  
Then in your pity remember  
A love which all else engrossed.

But when, in the mart of the city,  
You pass him who slighted her trust,  
Oh! pray that the lightnings of Heaven  
May shrivel him into the dust.

R. A. OAKES.

## T H E P A R S O N .

BY GEORGE H. CLARK.

WHEN I was young and fond of noise,  
And wore my first gray home-spun jacket,  
And fought stout battles with the boys,  
And filled my father's house with racket,  
Our well-beloved PASTOR died,  
And left behind him scores of weepers;  
Stout pillars of the church, long tried,  
As well as lesser props — and sleepers.

He was a patriarch, wise and gray,  
One of the old-time Christian scholars;  
Who cheered Affliction's weary way,  
And gave th' oppressed advice — and dollars.  
The matrons' love for him, at last,  
Sublimed almost to veneration,  
For he 'd baptized one half the past  
And all the present generation.

Outside the church, the good man held  
A comprehensive supervision,  
And village quidnuncs were compelled  
To bow before his calm decision:  
Though party strife might rage and swell,  
Or skeptics raise some knotty question,  
There rose no storm he could not quell,  
No doubt too grave for his digestion.

I do remember well the scene,  
When, all the congregation seated,  
He closed the book with reverend mien,  
And twice the pregnant text repeated:  
And then, as influenced from above,  
His heart with holy themes expanding,  
Appealed to Faith and Christian Love,  
As well as human understanding.

His look, his tones, his earnest ways,  
Form one of memory's cherished pictures;  
As he, in strong but homely phrase,  
Imparted hope or uttered strictures.



The velvet cap he always wore,  
Whene'er he thumped the pulpit cushion,  
Loomed like a beacon from the shore  
To warn us sinners from perdition.

The best of men a cross must bear —  
So providence or fate contrives it ;  
Of private griefs he had his share,  
And some that were not quite so private.  
He might conceal the smouldering fire  
Of mental or domestic trial,  
But troubles with the wrangling choir  
Were patent as their own bass-viol.

Of course, there was among his charge  
One busy, meddling, ancient maiden,  
Who, like a fire-ship, roamed at large,  
With furtive store of scandal laden.  
She scattered brands of discord free,  
She slandered and annoyed the parson,  
Till all agreed she ought to be  
Indicted for constructive arson.

On Wednesday night he always made  
To us a quiet pastoral visit :  
So when the bell his touch betrayed,  
My mother never asked, ' Who is it ?'  
But wheeling out the easy-chair,  
With its inviting arms of leather,  
She laid his pipe, with thoughtful care,  
And steel tobacco-box together.

Those genial times were mellow ripe,  
When folk were not inclined to bicker,  
If ministers enjoyed a pipe,  
And sipped a social glass of liquor :  
So while his cheerful features glowed,  
And smoke-wreaths circled to the ceiling,  
His talk in streams of wisdom flowed,  
Like waters from a fount of feeling.

We loved the man, revered him too —  
As who did not that ever knew him ?  
His piety and kindness drew,  
With cords of love, all classes to him.  
His praise by men need not be lipped  
To make our sorrowing hearts beat faster,  
For memory holds a secret crypt  
Wherein is shrined the sainted PASTOR.

## A DAY IN THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

BY FRANCIS COPCUTT.

SHE lay in her coffin there so beautiful, so calm, so holy, that it seemed as if she were uttering a silent prayer to her FATHER in heaven, and would open her eyes at its close. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the LORD, for they rest from their labors,' said the grave man who was speaking in subdued tones to the mourners, and no one could look upon that fair form, from which the spiritual essence had gone on its measureless journey toward the mercy-seat, without faith that she at least had found faith. She had uttered no complaint during her few months' illness, and when her coming doom was gently announced by him who had ministered to her spiritual welfare from her childhood, she only said, 'It is well,' and when the parting came, she pressed her mother's hand, moved her lips slightly as her little brother's face was held for a moment near her own, and in utter weariness of life, turned her head on her pillow, died, and made no sign, but there was the impress of a holy one left upon her face, as her spirit returned to God who gave it.

'O most merciful and ever-blessed REDEEMER,' said the minister, as he too looked toward the heavens, and as the mourners bent their heads reverently, a little boy of some four or five summers came into the room, and looking wistfully around, approached the satin and flower-decked couch where his sister was so calmly sleeping. Reaching with both his little hands to the side of the coffin, he drew himself up so that he could see his sister's face, and in an earnest but almost inaudible voice whispered: 'Mary! Mary!' But Mary was too far off to hear him, too preoccupied in her new home to answer. He sank quietly to the floor, then taking up a flower which had fallen with him from the coffin, he rose, drew himself up again with a convulsive effort, held by one hand as he dropped the flower on her lips, and again whispered, 'Mary!' but the same eloquent answer was returned. Loosening his hold, he stood for a few moments trembling at the side of the coffin; the prayer for the dead and the dying went on; again he drew himself up, but this time uttered no sound, only reached out a little hand and touched her cold face; in that touch he seemed to receive a revelation of death, for uttering a shrill, sharp scream, he fell to the floor senseless. Taking him up, we carried him from the crowd of mourners, some of whom having seen what occurred, were weeping; others who had not, were frightened at what seemed for a moment a voice from the coffin itself.

In a chamber, alone and apart, sat the fair girl's mother, her hair all too soon mixed with white; snow in the summer months, it had fallen upon her head as she watched by the death-bed of her child. We placed the little boy in her arms, and, as she pressed him to her heart she pointed to an open and crushed letter lying on the floor at her side. Her face was haggard, there were no tears in her eyes, and she rocked to-and-fro with the movement with which despair sometimes tries to cheat the moment of some part of its bitterness. 'Read! read! it came from the Dead-Letter Office, contained a trinket, and therefore was saved, the others are all destroyed: it has killed her.'

I took up the crushed letter, smoothed it out and read. Affection warm as the sun which draws the cactus-flower to life, sentiments noble, holy, warm, such as love draws from a good man, but alas! misdirected, as all the others probably were. In that week's bill of mortality the fair girl made one of the fifty-nine cases of consumption, but she died of a *dead-letter*. And he came back in all the fulness of life, in the fulness of a manhood which love had made noble, and found for his embracing — a new-made grave.

WHEN we were a youngster, and apotheosised by the first laying on of jacket and pants, when imagination was beginning to quarry blocks of fancy granite to build castles with, and life was uncovering her lens to give us a peep here and there into her wondrous panorama, we were sojourning at a neighboring town with a family whose head was post-master of the place. We soon had the range of the post-office in consequence, and became a pet with the clerks, not to say a small butt, too, for them to sharpen their wits upon. One day one of the most solemn-looking of the set, but one who could hardly open his mouth to speak without making the others laugh, for which I thought them very wicked, was closing and locking a bag whose sides were distended to the utmost with crammed-in material of some kind; a fat, rotund aldermanic post-bag. We asked:

'What is that?'

'Dead letters,' said the solemn clerk lugubriously.

'*Dead* letters! How came they to die?'

'Some from neglect, some because they could n't find their way home, some died because the girls refused them.'

Refused! I had heard our people talk about a man's being sick, because he was refused, and here were letters killed by it.

'Are they very dead?'

'Yes, dead as a 'subject' after he's 'biled' and his bones hung together with wires.'

I did not understand that, nor why the clerks should laugh so.

‘Where are they going?’

‘To Washington.’

‘To be buried?’

‘Yes, they have a big grave-yard there, and the President reads the funeral service over the poor things.’

For years afterward it was a vivid picture in our imagination, the crowd, the grave, and the President as large again as other men, a sort of demi-god, reading the funeral service over the dead, while curious head-stones dotted the ground, setting forth the causes why the poor letters were lying there. As we grew up, and these absurd notions faded, they left in their place a strong curiosity to see this noted foolscap Golgotha, and now when our fair young friend had yielded up her life, and had been tragically dead-lettered into eternity, we determined, on our first visit to Washington, to explore this mysterious place, if we could obtain any friend at court to guide us through the shades.

‘WAITER, take away this Chateaux Margaux of ‘1828,’ (‘figures’ evidently do ‘lie’ sometimes,) and bring a julep. Tell James to make it, and that it is for us.’

Ah! a master-piece of bar-room art, gratifying as the first kiss of her thou lovest most, or a sudden rise in stocks when one is a heavy holder. Cold as the bergs which overlook the ‘open sea,’ where the north pole bids defiance to the nations’ daring; sparkling as the eyes which open to the sunlight of the bridal morning. Oldest of antique nectars, dating thy mysterious birth far away in the hidden past, where facts become mythic, and great men are transformed into gods or demi-gods, hail!

‘Not known ten years ago!’ some tyros assert. Why, America was in swaddling-clothes, nay, unknown, long centuries after it was a joy forever. Not known ten years ago? To us its antique flavor adds an aroma to its aroma and gilds refined gold. Why, Circe, a pet maid of honor to Mrs. Neptune, a daughter of the Sun and Miss Perse, is known to have used it long before many of our antiquities were dreamed of or created. Hear Milton make his hero eloquent:

‘AND first behold this cordial julep here,  
Which flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
With spirits and balm and fragrant syrups mixed;  
Not that Nepanthes (sherry cobbler, probably)  
Which the wife of PHANES  
In Egypt gave to JOVE-born HELENA  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this —  
To life so friendly, and so cool to thirst.’

Bravo! the poet brings it as freshly and clearly before the mind's eye as the waiter does before our physical ones, and the mercury in that thermometer twenty feet away shrinks down, down toward its lair at the bare sight of the pyramid of ice where the delicious liquid whence it arises is sparkingly reflected, like rubies and brilliants in the sunlight.

Milton does not actually mention 'mint,' but he does balm, a species of it; besides, what he meant, is clear to the meanest capacity, for we all know that a julep is not a julep without mint. Not ten years old? Look at its head, frosty with the snows of untold centuries.

This is the last day of a five weeks' sojourn in Washington, and it has been a day in the Dead-Letter Office, the *entrée* obtained, all our efforts crowned with success, and the spoils, in the shape of selected letters scattered about the table, where that glorious julep stands to welcome them once more to light and life. How strange and weird they look, these odd anachronisms, dead before their time, but born again. And now, dear reader, while we are at peace with gods and men, while the milk of human kindness is circulating in our soul, and the spirit of this mint-perfumed nectar is snatching for us a few moments from earth and its sorrows, we will lay the Dead-Letter Office before you as far as words can do it, and then from this mass of letters, this cream of our day's work, we will re-select and lay before you *la crème de la crème*.

The *entrée* to the Dead-Letter Office, like kissing, goes by favor, and it has cost us much trouble and many refusals before we could obtain it. We do not mean the mere permission to look into the rooms, and at the clerk-undertakers who are preparing the letters for burial; that any one can obtain for the asking; but the 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' make such a permission a mockery. What! In one's hunger look at a choice dinner while the attendants are throwing it to the dogs? Enter the holy of holies, unable to receive its spiritual influences? Look at the 'open sea,' and never reach the pole? No! The *entrée* we wanted was the uncontrolled, unlimited, unchecked range of the office for a whole day, with full permission to read, copy, extract, or carry off any of the letter-corpses to which we took a fancy, and that permission we obtained.

The day broke gloriously, as if it had been made for good spirits, and was lingering here a few hours on its way to their spheres. The flowers laughed in the sunlight, and grass-blades sprung up from every cranny between the stones, to welcome their great sun-father, when at an early hour, under the auspices of Mr. Auditor Pratt, we wended our way toward the beautiful white marble palace post-office.

Having entered, we turned to the left along the corridor, which extends some two or three hundred feet through the entire length of



the building; passing on to the last door, it opened and closed behind us, and we were in the sanctuary of the dead, a letter Golgotha, though not merely a 'place of skulls,' for they (the letters) being dead, yet speak.

We bowed solemnly to the clerks as the Auditor introduced us, and when he retired, sat down, lost in a reverie over the sad scene; for what a vast record of buried hopes, lost friends, broken friendships, and neglected love lay scattered about that cemetery. While dreaming thus, one of the clerks began whistling merrily; in an instant the spell was broken, and we went business-like to our task of dissecting some thousands of 'subjects.'

The Dead-Letter department of the General Post-Office at Washington is one of much importance; there all the letters and packages which are misdirected, refused, or miscarried, are sent, after being advertised for a certain time in the place to which they are addressed; and strange as it may seem, several millions annually fail to reach their destination. These are received at stated times from the various branches all over the Union, and are placed on the long tables of the office, where numerous clerks are exclusively employed in opening them; if they contain nothing, they are thrown down unread, packed in large paper bags, and every three months taken to the common and burned by cart-loads.

Should the letters contain money or other valuables, they are laid on a side-table, and a recording clerk arranges them alphabetically in the boxes prepared for that purpose, and writes to the writer of the letter, stating that it has been received. If no answer is returned, after three years the contents, if money, is placed in the treasury, still subject to the owner's order, if he brings the requisite proofs. Every article received is kept and labelled, and in this way they collect gloves, rings, garters, books, locks of hair, pictures, likenesses, law-papers, and so on, and in money some thousands of dollars weekly. Title-deeds and other valuable papers supposed to be lost, are often recovered there.

We entered on our task with maw omniverous, devouring all things as they came, protests and protestations, deeds and misdeeds, bills and — cooings, proposals for marrying and proposals for building, hands for sale and 'hands wanted,' notes to pay and notes to answer, on, on, on, we read each document as it came, from the piety which unlocks the heavens, to the sinning which fits us for Hades; from the legerdemain of the heart to the legerdemain of the counting-house. But this of course could not last; as the day advanced we gradually became more fastidious, more alive to outward signs of inward and spiritual graces; guessed the contents of a letter by reading a line; threw away all which had a taint of print; laid aside, half-read, those

that were eloquent or odd, and when the hour came for closing the office, from a huge mass which we had glanced at or read, we had selected a package of several hundreds, and here they are before us, lenses through which we will give a few glimpses of the panorama of life, guides who will take us for a moment behind the scenes, so that in looking at others' follies or woes we may for a time forget that we too are players.

## CHAPTER II.

It will be as well, perhaps, to preface our second chapter with the remark that all the names of both persons and places have been carefully erased, and even the initials are fictitious, so that the owner or writer of course will be the only one able to locate his own, and thus lead, perhaps, to the healing of breaches and misunderstandings, should they or any of them once more reach the surprised eyes of those who created them. With us, the only question of course is, have they literary merit enough to make them worth printing, or are they odd enough to amuse?

The first we offer seems to have been sent as an accompaniment to a parcel of flowers. It has two post-marks; evidently the person to whom it was addressed had left, and it had been forwarded to the wrong address. It has neither date nor signature, and is unique in its kind.

'FATHER and mother have been quarreling so long that it seems as if there would never be another spring-time in our house, and home is chilly, cold, sad, although it has an infinite sky for a dome, and the cloud-frescoed horizon for walls. Our poor mother's heart is congealed, and her face is of snowy paleness, or covered with rain-tears on account of his indifference, and he looks down upon us from his proud eminence, and holds out his hands full of sparkling beams, but there is no warmth in them, so we have left our chilly home, our mother's cold bosom, and our father's freezing smile, to ask shelter of you for the few hours we have to live. We have nothing to offer you for your love but a little perfume: will you love us? Place us at your side, fair lady, or let us nestle in your bosom, it will not be for long. He who gave us our moment's beauty will soon take it to HIMSELF again, but HE will love you better for having loved us.'

The next, as we take them somewhat at random, runs thus:

'MY DEAR F——: I send with this 'The Caxtons,' and 'My Novel.' Do you remember my promise to do so, made as we were groping our way down in the everlasting and dense darkness of the Mammoth Cave, where, as we burned our blue-lights in the pits, domes, ruins, chasms, and arches, we seemed to be daring the

fiends in their native home, while our merry laughter frightened them off to the black reaches of the distant cavern? For how could doomed spirits, steeped in despair, listen to the laughter of such happy mortals, and not shrink away? at least I saw none of their red eyes peering out from the dark places, nor their faces grinning defiance at us, did you?

‘Our black guide was a jewel, but you lost one of the good things he said by remaining behind at ‘Coram’s Dome.’ Alfred took us, scrambling and climbing, on to a place he called Vulcan’s Forge, thence with the usual hazard of our necks, to a heap of rubbish, the debris of fallen stalactites.

‘‘This,’ said he, ‘is the ashes from Vulcan’s forge.’

‘‘Alfred,’ I asked quietly, ‘do you ever find any of the bolts here?’

‘‘No, Sir, they ’re all gone to thunder!’

‘The ready answer, half-classic and half-Bowery, set us laughing merrily.

‘Do you remember the evening I left the cave? ‘Angels and ministers of grace!’ What a night! On horse-back, too, and such a road! About two miles from the cave the blackness of darkness overtook me, and the rain came down in sheets, as if the windows of heaven were opened. I could see neither trees, fences, nor road, and as to seeing the guide, that was out of the question; I could only hear the clattering of his horse’s hoofs on the rocks. Leaning back in the saddle, I held the reins tightly in my hand, gave the horse his head, struck him with the whip, and away we went on a gallop. Literally I could not see the horse I was riding. On we went through the black space, through darkness that could almost be felt, and came up to my eyes so densely that it seemed as if I could put up my hand and push it away like a physical substance. Now dashing through water, now stumbling over rocks, we at last finished the nine miles, and reached Bells in a decidedly damp state, changed my clothes, took the ninth seat in the passing stage, and talked abolition until day-break, there, in the heart of Kentucky, to eight unknown passengers. No harm came of the ducking or the abolition.

‘How is merry, light-hearted, pretty Miss R——? It was very funny, when *crawling* through ‘Bunyan’s Way,’ to see her lie down exhausted, and call for volunteers to *roll* her through. By the way, if Bunyan had had that trip to take with his burden on, he would never have reached the Celestial City.

‘You have a niche in that part of my memory, where the more sylph-like and graceful beings I have met, most do congregate.

‘Fare thee well, ———.’

This letter reminds us of an incident at the Mammoth Cave, in

which a bride and groom suddenly became as chilled and cold as the most profound misogamist could desire. A bride of some seven days' standing, with her husband and five friends, two ladies and three gentlemen, put oil in their lamps, and descended to the cave for a day's frolic and exploration. Three miles from the entrance they came to the river, and seating themselves in a scow, began singing and awakening the echoes, while the guide 'sculled' along over the still waters, where the blind fish, too much like ourselves, were swimming about, heedless of the light above. They approached the end of the rock-arched river, where the huge cave opens again like a mammoth railroad tunnel, and the debris of fallen rocks made it look as if a grand 'smash-up' had taken place there. By the side of the beach a little rock juts out. The elastic, light-hearted, happy bride springs to the side of the scow to jump first ashore. Two gentlemen, without sense to balance their gallantry, follow to help her, and the three stepping on the side at once, over went the boat, bride, guide, oil, lamps and suite; attendant fair friends—and foul friend, to say nothing of fare and fowl for their subterranean lunch; a scream, a plunge, a momentary struggle for life, and there they all stood, waist-deep in water, madly clinging together, and the shrieking, screaming, crying, weeping, wailing, screeching made a chorus of woe, which would be a fortune for Verdi, could he transfer it to his 'lines' in more 'pleasant places.' Few people can imagine how exceedingly black the darkness is down there, six hundred feet in a perpendicular line below the sunlight, and beyond the reach of the thunder echoes, and our gay bridal party did not dare to stir one step, but clung together, and screamed loud enough almost to make the rocks fall on them. Indeed they could not tell where to move, and a step might send them into the unfathomable deeps together. A guide left behind at the hotel, not liking his leisure, followed them into the cave about an hour after they started, in hope probably of some pickings by the way-side. He hurried on, reached the river, took another scow, and about ten minutes after their 'plunge-bath' the light of his coming lamp, joyful as the first-born's smile to its youthful mother, as the free air to the long-imprisoned, shone upon them, and they were taken on board, without reaching the other side of that Jordan. They went on their winding way, songless and silent, but very thankful and *very* wet.

The next we fish up has a piscatory flavor, and seems to have been a Dutchman's handiwork:

'DEAR SIR You will pleas send me 9 shads for my window 2 feets 9 inch wide 6 feets long like I seen at your store by steamboat traveller for New heaven  
Your Servant, D——.'

‘Nine shad for New Heaven’ is good.

The next is as delicately traced on its colored note-paper, as if the writer’s pen had been made from the quill of a humming-bird’s wing:

‘MON AMI: The firewood which you hope may have such a magical effect upon my phreno—— developments arrived safely. I could almost cry shame while thanking you. Rosewood firewood! I am poor in thanks. If I were an authoress, all my lovers’ hearthstones should glow with such flames. The smoke of its burning is even now ascending to heaven, but — but ——

‘The ‘Ingleside’ looks desolate to-night; even the sparkling, dancing, perfumed flame cannot take it away: for from our circle *so* narrowed has gone out *one* whom it tries us *sorely* to spare. One who has lived under this same old roof-tree with us during his whole life, and sat with us beside this same hearthstone, which his labors and cheerfulness have helped to keep bright. Our smiles have been mutually awakened by the same merry jest, our hearts have thrilled with the same hopes, and our tears have fallen over the same sorrow. We have been *one*, as the chords of a harp are one when touched by the hand of a skilful player; we know not whether this or that wire has been struck, we only *feel* the harmonious or discordant whole; and now with our prayers and blessings ascending for and resting on him, he has gone.

‘Partings to me are any thing but a ‘sweet sorrow,’ though there is one pleasant thought connected with occasional separation from those we love; it calls forth so many kind thoughts and tender words; such a multitude of affectionate remembrances, all bringing their own hoarded treasures and casting them into the common stock, each enriching and enriched by the act, and most of all he or she the absent one; and up-springing from this there follows an oblivion of past unpleasantness, a warmer appreciation of good qualities, and more enduring friendship.

‘Thoughts burdened with a lifetime of feeling came crowding up for utterance, as C —— and S —— and I gazed into each other’s eyes and drew our chairs the nearer, that one had gone out from our midst. The artist is trying to paint a portrait of my sister. I have stood beside him while he worked, making suggestions, hoping, longing, almost breathless, as his brush touched the canvas, but notwithstanding all, the soul is not there, the eyes look strangely upon me, filling my heart with a peculiarly absorbing grief, a revival of the agony I felt when I knew she had left us, aggravated by the thought that I can never possess (as I had hoped) a pictured semblance that should cheat death of some portion of his conquest. Well, I sometimes feel that ours will not be a long separation; a few short years at

farthest, and we shall no longer see 'as through a glass darkly.' I seem to tread less lingeringly on earth since it has taken the loved form of my sister to its keeping, and my thoughts are often in heaven now that it has become the home of her pure spirit. Where your treasure is, there will be your heart also, is the language of HIM who tasted unshrinkingly woe's bitterest cup, and I am daily learning this anew in my life-experience. It is easier for me to think of the blessed inhabitants of Paradise now that I have a sister among their number. Relationship with the angels! there is something mysteriously beautiful in the tie. Heaven cannot be far from us after all.

'Pardon me for writing so gloomily. I am very lonely to-night, and all the saddening circumstances of my bereavement seem gathering around me like a rushing presence. Spirits, restless and gloomy, if not malign, seem to fill the space, and I must try and exorcise them or they will overpower me.

'I saw the christening of an infant on Sunday last, which interested not a little. The mother was a poor Irish woman, the only Protestant one in this vicinity, and because of her rejection of Catholicism, is wholly neglected by her own country people, while her husband, a devoted worshipper of Bacchus, seems to have quite forgotten his vow to love and protect her.

'To have the ceremony performed, she had come some distance, carrying her baby in her arms. The little baby looked sweetly pure and lovely dressed in spotless white, and there was a stateliness and solemnity in the manner and attitude of the mother, which far surpassed much of the assumed dignity of the higher ranks of society. I have attended christening where all that art and taste could devise or suggest to make the scene impressive, had been called into requisition, where the feeble frame of the child presented for the holy rite, was loaded with the very 'poms and vanities' the parents had come to renounce, but I have never witnessed aught so touching in its meek simplicity as this baptismal scene.

'The common appearance of the mother, in contrast with the unsullied, tender loveliness of the babe; the happy unconsciousness of its expressionless little features, so strangely at variance with the earnestness of hers, as she held it forward to receive the sacred emblem, would of themselves have made a picture. In her eagerness she seemed to snatch a blessing from heaven for the little one. She had doubtless learned, poor woman, that 'life is real,' her journeyings had evidently not been through sunny landscapes; she knew the tiny feet of the being she so cherished must tread a thorny and a weary pathway, and she seemed to ask not so much that its spirit might be kept from loving the seductive pleasures of time too well, but that the reward of an eternal Paradise might be granted it.



‘The incident, trivial in itself, was to me full of interest. There is a chord in my heart which will never cease to vibrate thrillingly, painfully at every such manifestation of faith and devotion to humble life. Thrillingly, because there is something gloriously beautiful in faith thus displayed. Painfully, for above and beyond all I seem to hear the voice of our blessed SAVIOUR saying: ‘Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.’

‘The flame burns low upon the hearth-stone; the clock strikes midnight and summons me to rest, and so good-night.’

There are words which cut sharper than any two-edged sword, and the following would have been of them probably, had they fulfilled their destiny instead of dying before their time.

‘Your present position, M —, of comparative independence, will enable me to write what for some time past I have wished to say, yet what I should not utter even now, if you were in the same dependent position. It is, that our acquaintance is at an end. Your own conscience answers why, and I have too much experience of your sex, you too little duplicity, for me to be ignorant of what that answer is.

‘With your life before we met, be it written or unwritten, I have nothing to do, but with the present I have, and the step you have taken during the past month, in your career toward no land of promise I fear, must of course end our friendship in all its phases.

‘You are the first being who has stooped to deceive me so, and curiously enough too, the one of all others who made the deepest protestations of eternal attachment. If I had placed much faith in them, I might now feel annoyed or angry; I feel neither, and look with curious wonder at this new leaf in my experience of the book of life.

‘But why, if you suspected (knew) this, you may say, place me near your friends? Because I knew of the gold there is among so much dross; the spiritual nature there is among so much sensual; and I hope you may yet break your passion-chains, or at least keep those facts which would damn you behind the scenes.

‘Wild and ungovernable as your passion is, drawing down will, reason, soul in its train, yet I know that there is something of the angel there, and for the rest I am one of the last who have the right to cast a stone at you. This episode in our existence, eventful and sad as it has been for the most part, has terminated, and nothing remains but to say farewell.

G —.

Our next, taken at hazard, is from among the ecstasies. The old story, love, love, ever new and never ending.

‘DEAR N —: I am happy to hear that you were well enough to leave your room for a few hours on Friday, and I most sincerely hope

your exertion did not injure you. I need not tell you that your silence, I might call it neglect, has stung me bitterly, especially now I know that others are thought of. But why should I be surprised? The novelty of my devotion is past, the trouble I have occasioned you in your invalid state is doubtless irksome. I will not reproach you, that would be unjust, but I do regret most heartily that I was not wise enough to know that this would be. I have placed you above the general race of men, have looked at and thought of you not as one human being thinks of another, but as a something so infinitely superior, placed by heaven in my way, that to nearly idolize you was not wrong. But now without provocation you leave me in ignorance as to your health, or leave me to hear from others, which is still worse, and when I am with you evidently portray dissatisfaction. God bless you! May she who supplants me in your affections love you but half as well as I have done, and you may be satisfied, for you will then possess more than man ordinarily receives from woman. I am as ever,

Your fondly attached M —.

Poor child, may she 'grow strong.' To 'suffer,' is evidently her lot. But what changed scenes and circumstances if all these mis-sives could have gone on their way, and without losing it.

The author of the following would not probably be very graciously received by the quilting sisters, could they see it:

'MY DEAR T —: There is to be a quilting at P — 's on Saturday. I am requested to invite you: be there.

'Pray (prey) on sisters!' The carcass is there, let the eagles gather together.

Yours in Christianity, L —.'

Our next is as warm as a June sun in Italy. How tantalizing these glances! This letter looms up like a little island in the ocean, the apex of a submerged mountain — of sentiment and passion:

"'To be' of course, as you always were, and as to forgiving, my dear child! what have I to forgive? If you held a capital hand, threw away your best cards without taking a trick, and lost the game, it is your own forgiveness you want, not mine. But there is one point in your sweet, pretty letter — that — that — What had the thoughts 'Satan himself must have prompted on the night of the concert,' to do with the matter? And again, how could you be taught to believe that 'the only feeling I had for you was ten times worse than hate?' What teaching could have any effect after that confidence of mine? After you knew the secret which is so largely the key of what some people think my strange and mysterious character? Why, lady-bird, after embraces, the memory of which must still linger on your lips,

after resting your head on my breast and listening to that tale of early love, when the crimson of your cheeks was visible between the fingers which were clasped over your face to hide the fever which was glowing there, as your eager ears drank in the words: after all that, could you have any 'teaching' about me? No! We were thenceforward on an equal footing, not only morally, as all men and women are, but in responsibility also. What my intentions were, can hardly be discussed, for I had none. The sails were up, and a delightful breeze was blowing, but I had left the helm, and hardly glanced ahead to see if the boat was making toward a bank of flowers or a whirlpool.

'What the possibilities of our position were, unchecked and untrammelled as it was, is for our several judgments to decide. For my part, I *did* think it possible that some new memories,

'Which, tasted once, last always and disdain  
Time's iron pressure,'

might have been created in you here, to color with their fire-light the foliage of your life-tree, but the RULER of your destiny willed it otherwise, or *you* willed it otherwise, and — it is well that it is well — all the bitterness I felt about our separation had gone before May, and at that early day I had determined not to see you again, if things remained as they were.

'We are on the top-round of the ladder of physical existence; each year all that gives life to passion and coloring to sentiment will in both of us be, if not fading, at best stationary. Perhaps, when long years have gone by, when little ones are clinging around you to call you blessed, and I am feeling more bitterly than I can now the loneliness of the pathway that I have marked out for myself, perhaps we may meet again, and after looking the surprise which we shall feel at the change which had come over the spirit of our physical existence, talk frankly of our fitful fever-dream, and not probably before.

'When your heart is over-full, and wants a channel wherein to flow, write to me. When the sad hours come, as they will at any age, rid yourself of some part of their bitterness with my sympathy; and when the garden of life looks arid and blank, if you will let me know it, I will try and plant a few flower-seeds there, which may perhaps grow up into things of beauty, and if so, 'be a joy forever.'

'B —.'

We doubt if that ended so, but alas! the infinite chaos of the Dead-Letter Office gave us no farther echo, and we pass on.

We clip the following paragraph from eight pages of similar white-robed charity:

‘MY DEAR L — : G — has examined it, and it is not cotton, but real English thread lace — I told you so. Where does she get it? Her father is too poor to give it to her. I suppose it will be thread-lace shawls next, or even camel’s hair. I watched behind the old elm for three hours yesterday, and saw them come home in the twilight, and his arm was about her waist, and when they reached the gate *she* kissed *him*! What do you think of that? I know he’s bad enough: I found that out when he used to pay me so much attention. S — says, perhaps they’re engaged. Engaged! He marry that simpleton! I *do* wish you would come this week, instead of next, and see for yourself.’

Ah! my dear young lady, cultivate the humanities more and spleen less, or the mile-stones on the road to your father’s mansion will never be hung with garlands, even if you do not altogether lose the way; and as to the ‘dry-goods,’ comfort yourself, all English ‘thread-lace’ is made from cotton, if that be any consolation, and by the way, camel’s-hair shawls are made of goat’s hair, black ‘thread-lace shawls’ from silk. The material in these things is of little moment, it is the laboring fingers of the sons and daughters of toil which give them their value, and you, doubt it not, would be surer of walking in robes not woven nor made with hands, were you to join the corps instead of employing your time in seeking or creating scandal.

The next has two postage-stamps, city and country, evidently sent after some one who had left his city residence. We commend its point and beauty to our writers generally. The ‘mahogany man’ is probably one amongst the upper ten of block-head-dom:

‘DEAR C — : Come at ten and bury the mahogany man afterwards. God bless you. R —.’

The next is written in a very small, delicate, lady’s hand, seemingly the beginning of a correspondence stopped at the very fountain-head by this mis-carriage:

‘I HAVE spent the Sabbath, dear stranger, in reading the book you so kindly sent me, and hardly know how to express my delight on reading the accompanying note.

‘I have thrown many kindly feelings, many earnest, warm affections forth upon the world, and have shed bitter tears over the coldness that has been returned to me. But I know there are seeds which remain long years in the bosom of earth before they spring up and produce things of life and beauty. So hope does not forsake me; and in

these days of patient 'waiting for the light,' such words as yours — good books — my sister's tenderness — are God's best blessings to 's——.'

And blessed let us hope that fair spirit is, even with her beautiful note unanswered — unreceived.

Here is one from a lady fair, the *dénouement* of a three-volume novel in a line :

'DEAR P ——: If you drop in here at 2 P.M. on Saturday, the 20th, you can see me married. Very truly, w——.'

The next is an avalanche of sentiment and passion, in which the heart's poetry bubbles up, as from a well of Heidsieck :

'NOBLE, GENEROUS-HEARTED DARLING: I cannot allow a longer time to elapse without in some way expressing my deep, earnest, heartfelt gratitude for the kind sympathy and assistance you have rendered me in my late trials. Oh! how coldly do words tell the inmost feelings of my heart. Yesterday morning I went out with M ——, and being very tired on my return, lay down to sleep, when Somnus came and led me back to the happy days I spent with you. Again I visited C ——, and felt the nervous tremor of your dear supporting arm. I gazed once more upon the yawning chasm and the giddy whirl of waters, looked down into the impenetrable depths of the black, cold, watery grave; and when my woman's timid nature made me shrink and shudder lest by one false step I should be hurled into eternity, I looked at you, and in the eloquence of your fond eyes I felt secure from every pending ill, and then, unheard by all below, I murmured a fervent prayer to HIM who knows our every thought, to grant (if such be His almighty will) that love so all-absorbing and intense as mine, might yet awaken in your bosom some feelings like my own. It was but a short echo of what had really been. No human soul could have guessed the maddened ecstacy with which I traced those glorious wonders of an Almighty hand. Pure as an infant's were the emotions which led me up through nature unto nature's God. And have my prayers been answered? Have I found in you that earthly guide and counsellor which my weak and erring nature so much needed? Have I prayed and prayed aright? Yes, I feel, I know I have. My love for you is sanctioned by a wise, unerring BEING, and to you alone shall my fond heart be given. By every tie of nature and of love, I am yours. And now, dearest, let me tell you, that deeply as I lament the loss of that confidence which was previously placed in me by those from whom I am now estranged, I can never wish to retract one word or action which has placed me thus. All outward opposition draws me nearer to you: and with regard to others,

'MAN may dismiss compassion from his heart,  
But GOD will never.'

And you, most fondly loved one, do you regret the past? or does the assurance of my undying love, being the result of our late joys and sorrows, in any way repay you for the annoyances to which you have been subjected? Does not one fibre of your generous heart and nature thrill like my whole system at the remembrance that

'THERE are moments of life which we never forget,  
They heighten and brighten as time steals away;  
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,  
And they shine on the glow of the loveliest day.'

I must now leave you, once more assuring you how infinitely the happiness you have afforded me surpasses the misery caused by the cold-hearted world. God bless you, dearest — and believe me ever

'Your own to eternity,

'O —.'

Whom the gods love die young, seems to hold good with letters too, as well as the writers of them.

Again we draw at random from our Golgotha as follows:

'SHALL I say in offering a few flowers simply, 'To R —, with the compliments of W — ?.' It is all that is necessary; still, perhaps it would be hardly doing justice to Miss R —'s apparently frank, open-hearted nature, or to myself, so I will add my thanks, not for the *pleasure* her acting has afforded me, but for some little inkling of a new revelation of life, and also ask her if it is forgetfulness or indifference which has kept her from 'advising me of her earliest leisure.' I confess that I had built some pleasant little air-castles, founded on my possible acquaintance with her, but they are vanishing, crumbling to their original quarries, and the builder imagination has laid aside his tools and gone on his way, so that now I have to address even a few flowers to the actress, not as I would prefer to the woman. When I saw her last performance a wish came into my head, or heart, or soul, or wherever the temple is in which wishes do their worshipping — may I repeat it? That when this mimic scene in which she is acting becomes real, and Death rolls up into the proscenium above the stars the mysterious curtain from before eternity, and discloses to her view those scenes where the orchestra is sphere-melodies and the stars sing together for joy; where angels cover the stage, and where the background is the silent eternities, may the sorrow and sadness of her little life be found to have so purified her soul, that the ALMIGHTY DIRECTOR will give her an everlasting engagement near His throne?

'W —.'



The next is a glimpse seemingly into a romance where the principals did not meet. Its sentiment and pathos deserve a better fate than a burning on the Common at Washington, and we hope its rescue from that may be the means of bringing it to the head and heart it was written for, and should interest and sway:

‘As this is the last time a word will pass between us, will you do me the favor, perhaps the justice, to read a few matter-of-fact lines? Then the spirit shall vanish into air again — your phantom friend die and make no sign.

‘You have probably thought that it was a strange interest which I took in one whom I had never seen: I will explain. Long, long ago, when visiting E —, she was one day looking over her letter-drawers, I observed a large package of letters, and asked from whom did you receive those? She answered, from yourself. I asked permission to read them, and received it. Taking them with me, I laid them aside for the moment, and one morning brought them out with a feeling akin to annoyance at having brought upon myself the task of reading a series of lady’s letters, written, too, by a stranger, or least by one of whom I had only heard.

‘I opened the first — the next, and read, read, read, on to the last. Surprised, then spell-bound by their depth of graceful thought and sentiment, their infinite longings, their pervading tone of uncomplaining sadness, sweet and melancholy as those of an *Æolian* harp, and though written in the confidence and abandon of the tenderest friendship containing no sentence that I would not be proud to have a loved sister utter.

‘The gardener imagination at once took the plant which had borne such beautiful flowers, and transplanted it into the most hallowed nook of what there is of garden in my being, and he tended, watered, and watched over it, studied each petal and fibre, added a leaf here, or a branch there, until he had made it a perfect unity. And the plant grew and grew, and as it grew it changed, like the statue of the ancient sculptor, into a new life, and became one of the *Penates*, while its image was niched in the wall of my soul, and I felt that the soul which had lain in darkness was being filled with things of life, truth, and beauty. Then those notes passed between us, and the last one (previous to — well, I will not recall it) said, ‘I cannot, dear S —, bring my mind to say farewell, you shall hear from me in various ways, through friends, and by the stories which I will send you from my pen, in which you will see more of my spirit.’ This was the last I heard from you, directly or indirectly.

‘Days, weeks, months passed away, still the oracle was dumb in anger or indifference, the *Penate* silent; Hope had reared a fair fabric, but its foundation rested on a rainbow, and vanished with the

light. And as silence and the months went by, the meteor of hope burst, the sun sank below the horizon, and the sweet dream passed away with the hour, while its memory lingered about the dreamer through the long wakefulness of years. For, to me you have always been a being sanctified and set apart from all others; an image in my mind created by your own words and my imagination, uncolored even by other influences.

‘At last Mr. A — went to your far-away home, and I took the opportunity of sending to you a gentle reminder of my existence, with some hope of discovering if I had been in any way the cause of any part of the torture you suffered, or if your silence simply meant I must think of you no more: the rest you know. The note came back and lies before me, and with perception sharpened by surprise, I have read and re-read it, but find no word that a ‘self might not have said to an empress.’

‘In all this I think that the first shadow of a selfish thought never crossed my soul; and when there was a possibility of seeing you here, I half-feared it, lest the spell which you had so unconsciously woven about me should be broken. Indeed I had hardly formed in my mind a picture of the outward and visible form of one who had showed such a depth of inward and spiritual grace.

‘If it may be done, write me; but if you wish me to tear the household god from its niche, the flower from its nook in the garden of memory, you have but to send back the same cold, silent answer as before, and my actions hereafter shall prove that the silence is indeed more eloquent than words. Earnestly and sincerely

Your friend, s —.

That letter deserves a better fate. We hope it may yet reach the eye for which it was written, and make two one who seem to have been formed for each other.

‘A day in the Dead-Letter Office clearly proves many things, and among them that there is much truth, as well as pure affection and passionate love yet in this ‘cold, false world.’

We throw over hook again and bring up the following:

‘I LOOK at the sky sometimes, fair queen, and there are the same sparkling lights shining from the jeweled floor of heaven upon your environment, the same eyes in the infinite space which looked down a little while ago; but how different the scene they gaze upon. And when the night comes on and the spirits of the ‘air’ have taken all the clouds for drapery to some far-away ‘castle,’ the star which guided me so often in the devious roads about your house, talks to me. It tells me that the sopranos, contraltos, and bassos of the troupe

that 'got up' such sweet little operas in your forests every morning, with the heavens for a dome to their 'house,' and the leaves for curtains to their boxes, have sung their last cavatina, duet, solo, and chorus; finished their engagement and gone. It tells me that the wild-flowers and leaves have faded from the haunts which were full with dense foliage, where the fairies and wood-nymphs peeped out in the dark mid-night, and played their cunning pranks in the fancies of those who passed by. They, too, have gone from their desolate homes, which the cold winds have stricken, and where they now sigh and moan amid the desolation which they have made. Yet still our fair one lingers, still preferring all that solemn sadness to the music of our omnibuses, fire-bells, and hand-organs. May it please your majesty to come where your subjects are, and lend each friend 'that sticketh closer than a brother' the light of your countenance?

'One of your subjects has sent you a book to-day, which has interested him, and he hopes it will amuse you on your way. Come! come! come! It will be well done when it is done; it were well that it were done quickly. And so he bids you farewell until he sees you again, and goes his way to balance, to buy, to sell, to whirl on toward his beautiful grass-covered home in Greenwood.

'P——.'

How one's fancy peoples the spot whence these letters came, as well as that to which they should have gone, had not their half-birth, so to speak, sent them on their lonely way unheeded and unknown.

'I AM not web-footed; I can't swim; I've never saved Rome; I don't hiss at every body indiscriminately; ergo, I'm *not* 'a goose.' In future you'll remember this, and avoid provoking me with the in-applicable title.

'Mr. W—— is here, and in search of—what do you think?—a wife! My! what a place to come to for such a chattel! He has the first essential for making a good matrimonial bargain though; money in this practical world of ours, 'whose sun is Mammon and whose soil is care,' what surer earnest of success could he possibly have, what better 'open sesame' to true and loving hearts? Somehow, I do not follow the multitude in a readiness to fall down and worship golden calves.

'Not that I depreciate wealth. For the good it has power to do, I respect it. For the vice it pampers, the sin it strives to cover, and the stupidity it is accounted sufficient to gild, I detest and despise it. To me a pictured deformity gains nothing by being in a jewelled frame, and innate ugliness becomes enhanced by the setting. I do not say this with any feeling of envious detraction, because Fortune, who is blind—this accounts for it, you see—has not poured into my coffers

of her golden treasures; but where am I wandering? All this because folks whisper in my ear, when I object to making a fuss over imbeciles, 'He is rich;' as if that were a salvo.

'You assume too much when you take it for granted that I keep 'all that is counterfeit about me in my *porte-monnaie*.' I should have encouraged the opinion, if I had not seen the irony peeping through; and so I'll tell you — what you may not readily believe — that I have sham smiles to welcome you with, sham sighs when you go, and hollow words of commendation to use when you are absent and maligned. Do n't fancy from that last remark that you have hosts of enemies; quite the contrary, believe me, for though detraction is rife in this our day, yet the world loveth its own.

'Did I really say your lips never uttered silly things? It was with the ejaculatory 'HEAVEN forgive me' then, for my conscience must have felt the falsity of the assertion, and of your aptness at writing them, behold me ever ready to testify.

'Do you know I have resolved a thousand times during the past few months to disown you entirely and forever; ay, even with the recollection of your value as an acquaintance, rising colossal-like before me; but, as my 'bumps' told you long ago, I had not the firmness. And so, if Hades, as the Almanac (?) tells us, is paved with broken resolves, remember me gratefully when you drive tandem through its tortuous turnings, for I have McAdamized at least one mile on your account.

'What do I think of G ——?' Why, he will do for a *man*, of whom my Bible tells me 'there are NONE good.' But as to romance, the morning after his wedding, as he was going down-town, a friend met him and said: 'Good morning, G ——; I wish you much joy.' 'For what?' said G ——. He had forgotten he was married.

'Yours as you deserve,

B ——.'

This reminds us of an incident. A young gentleman had the misfortune to fall in love, and the disease increased to a matrimonial crisis, which crisis occurred one evening in the midst of his five hundred dear friends, and he took wine with several of them, perhaps more. At the witching hour of night the bride retired, and soon after he followed, with an indistinct idea that 'a straight line is not the line of beauty.' Opening a door, he took three galvanic steps forward and fell on a sofa. From a dream that imps were dancing polkas in his brain, he was awakened by the sun-light, and found himself in a sitting-room; no one was there, and he was lying upon a sofa dressed. Some moments elapsed before he became conscious of his relative position, of his 'peculiarly perplexing predicament.' Pledges of affection he may have longed for, or had; he may have pledged his

word or his watch to a friend or a Jew; all pledges, in short, were within the possibility of his owning, giving, or taking, except a temperance pledge. From that night on, the poetry had vanished from the wine-cup. Dry or sweet, old, flavored, or fruity, no temptation could raise it to his lips; henceforward he was a 'sober' married man, and drank no more.

Here is a crow-quill document, pretty and *spirituelle*. We must confess, that after wading through the dead-letter masses for an hour or two, we rather took to notes and letters of this outward seeming. The large-hand letters were business, business, business, to such a wearying extent, and when not so, men seem little inclined to really put themselves into letters, that the feminine epistles took precedence to a certain extent, and the result proved, what is so often said and sung, that this sort of literature is peculiarly the field of our fair friends:

'DEAR —: While lounging a few evenings since, watching the dying embers of a once bright fire, indulging in one of those moods half-reverie, half-reflection, your letter was handed to me.

'I paused awhile over the unfamiliar chirography, wondering of whose spirit this little missive might be the medium, till finding conjecture could give no clue, I broke the seal.

'If I could have freighted an echo with the merry ha! ha! which I awarded the unique query in your letter, it would have given you some idea of the way in which it impressed me.

'You were quite right in supposing me ignorant of physiology. I am ready to acknowledge myself sublimely ignorant of its laws. And now you wish to know of my health, if I suffer, and how, ahem! — a pretty confessional I am putting my life to — will you, like a good priest, grant me absolution?

'You'll find me a poor subject for professional skill (medical, I mean) since I am happily free from all the varied 'ills that flesh is heir to,' except head-ache — oh! I had forgotten, the heart-ache. Hydropathy is an unfailing cure for this, I know; I have often tried its efficacy in the form of a good shower of tears; but the prescription, though affording magical relief for the last-mentioned ill, sadly aggravates the former, till verily I am something at a loss to know how to dispose of my head and my heart.

'And so you are recipient of the scintillations of five distinct brains, appertaining, in the words of Wilkins Micawber, to five characteristic individuals belonging to our favored circle! My stars! you ought to be a happy man! You will soon have a dead-letter office all to yourself. Now, if you were only editor of some first-class Jersey newspaper, how invaluable these communications would be! It grieves me

to think that so much of good cannot be disseminated, so much of real available worth be like that 'buried talent.'

'When life is 'a burden' I may write you. Thank you, Sir! I am grateful for the permission, though I do not think I shall trouble you much, if these are to be the terms.

'Life a burden!' with so much of the early Eden still left us, so many traces of Paradise yet lingering, marred to be sure, bearing hosts of thorns, and perchance few roses, but these all the more beautiful because of their fewness. 'Life a burden?' even momentary I cannot imagine it, unless it be to the aged Christian, who, longing to hear the words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' feels every breath that he inhales a barrier to heaven.

'While I am writing, two little birds have flown against the window. There, they have gone. One chirped as if to tell me he would come again when flowers bloom. Poor little birds, I wonder why they are lingering here, instead of seeking the far-off sunny South. Can it be possible that in this age of progression, they have read the papers, and dread the fever which is ravaging there! If so, and you are frozen this winter, dear pretty songsters, you will find, like many another, 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'

'The snow has been falling here nearly all day, slowly and gently, as if it left its sky-home regretfully. A sad lot has the snow-flake though the herald of winter's gayest pleasure, and I should really pity it, did I not know that there are hosts of sunbeams, whose special mission 't is to win their fallen purity again to heaven.

'Farewell,

o —.'

'DEAR A —: I have not longed for your letters as they that watch for the morning, but I have each evening, for a week past, looked at the little letter-niche on my return home, and with disappointment to find it empty; but it has come at last, been read, and placed in my side-pocket, where it will wear out its little life within hearing of the ticking of that time-piece, which the ALMIGHTY wound up and set going many years ago, and which in His own good time He will stop, take its curious mechanism to pieces again, and transfer its main-spring to uses which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

'My chamber is a sort of Santa Claus Hall. There is a little alderman on the table, bowing and smacking his lips, as if he enjoyed the concealed bonbons in his rotund body. There is a little tea-set for the chubby fingers of a child-pet, to furnish refreshment for her doll; also, little tables, fans, etc., to say nothing of tokens for children of a larger growth, all waiting for the advent of the new year. And there between the toys my fancy sees such smiling faces peep out, and gentle



voices whisper, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Then, in the corner are some trifles selected and bought for my Killen-sister, waiting also for the coming of the year to pay their homage and see the light of the countenance of their new mistress. Will she accept them? Will they cheer her on her way? will they make her look less sadly at the mile-stone she is just passing in her life-journey? With them go my wishes that the new year may be to her heart but a day of feasting and joy; that *all* years may be so, until finally she opens her eyes quietly, gently, without pain, and awakens from her life-dream — in heaven.

‘Mrs. Childs says she can have no idea of heaven without loving and giving; the first, in this world, is a luxury I have ceased even hoping for; but the last cannot be taken away from me, unless my friend send back the trifles that I express to-day, which she will not, will she? although they do come from

ALMOST A STRANGER.’

ALMOST A STRANGER.'

‘Hark from the tombs a doleful sound’—read and weep:

‘DEAR M——: I have selected a very desirable, pleasant spot in Cedar Grove Cemetery, and if you will be brisk about dying, so as to bring the thing about before some other young man intervenes and has a right to insist that you shall be in *his* lot, I should be most happy to have you rest your dear bones beneath the honeysuckles and roses which are to encircle the evergreens of ‘No. 4, sec. 5,’ the figures which in all probability indicate the final resting-place of

‘Yours,

G ———.'

This letter reminds us of a scene in Broadway. Time, four o'clock ; *pave* crowded, short and tall, grave and gay, lovely and unlovely ; hardly a square foot of space not filled with the shreds and patches of our common humanity, as it flowed to right and left, up and down our avenue of palace-shops, when at a brisk trot two horses came gayly along, drawing a strong, empty *hearse*, on the top of which sat a drunken Irishman. Pat leaned and rolled from side to side, every moment seemingly on the point of falling off, and only showing his drunkenness more absurdly from his efforts to steady himself and keep upright. The jeers of the boys, and the looks of the passing throng, evidently crossed his *amour propre*, when, making a grand effort to maintain his equipoise, and evidently mistaking or forgetting his vocation, he drew in his chin, an idiotic smile lighted up his face, and as he held up his finger and beckoned to the passers-by, he cried : ' Ride down ? ride down ? ride down ? ' Some of the passing crowd laughed, some jeered, some stopped to look, but the most with a shudder, passed on their way. He probably reached the South Ferry without a fare.

Here is another oasis, amid the desert of dead-letters from which we glean :

‘DEAR M — : How our hours fly away into the past eternity, and take us on to the mysterious one to which we are hastening. It seems but yesterday, and yet it is fourteen days since I pressed your fair hand under the mid-night sky and said farewell, there where the bright evening star was looking on from the dark heavens like a sleepless eye — a mild, calm, holy eye, of boundless intelligence. How often it guided me about your neighborhood, and to and from M — during the few happy weeks which I spent in the vicinity ; and now its gentle and everlasting light, each time I look up to the floor of heaven, takes my thoughts back to your home, where indeed the promise was held good that where two or three are gathered together, they shall be blessed.

‘With this I send you a book, that is, a series of oblong bits of paper full of typical marks, and inclosed in a cover ; the outward form of a book, if it have the inward and spiritual grace of one I cannot say. I bought it on the recommendation of a lady, who has worshipped silly and wicked gods enough to people ‘Vanity Fair,’ and fill all the niches in Pandemonium, that is, Madam Fame. Oh ! for a potent, intellectual sieve, or spiritual thrashing-machine, to save one’s hours and keep the soul from shrinking at the hills of chaff he must wade through to obtain a few ‘wheaten grits.’ I send you also some flowers, which can hardly be unacceptable, now that Nature has put off all her gay drapery — her fruit-jewels, her flower-ropes, and retired for the night.

‘You paint ! Oh ! it is useless denying it ; your cheeks, with a certain angle of the light shining on them, show a metallic, glassy surface, proving the fact with mathematical certainty. I can see it farther off than I can tell the color of your eyes, and others also notice and talk of it — besides, it is very unbecoming,’ I said to a pretty woman at the opera the other night.

‘After that exhibition of indomitable will, of reckless daring, of gigantic temerity, to say nothing of the consequences, I require repose — time to calm my nerves and prepare for action ; therefore excuse me if for the present I decline telling you ‘your faults.’

‘No ! no ! you must not expect my praise for having ‘resolved to read the book,’ or twenty like it. Wade neck-deep in physiological literature, and of the best, that will not take you out of the Herd of the Sensuous, no more than going to church and resolving to listen to a sermon will take you to where the wicked cease from troubling. I read it many years ago, and others tried to act then too, but my affinity with the herd is not yet wholly destroyed. To reach physical,

moral, or spiritual excellence of holiness, requires courage, perseverance, self-denial enough, and only he who seeks one or all with his whole soul, can tell how much. But he sees, also, at every step that the way of the transgressor is still harder, that appetite and 'preference' are enemies only secured in power to the evil one himself. Any attempt to lead a life sufficiently ideal to be in harmony with nature and her laws, will soon give the leader another proof that, Jordan is — not to be navigated before a fire in an easy-chair.

'And now good-by. May your life be like the snow which surrounds you, pure, bright, and sparkling in the sun-light, and hiding under its calm, fair surface an untold wealth of fruit and flowers, of sentiment and thought, until it is taken up again quietly, unconsciously, and without pain to its native heaven.'

And so we close. Where the letters give an inkling of joys which are past, they are sorrowful to the soul; how much more so where suffering has given them birth; yet, next to dying the death of a good man, we should prefer that of a dead-letter. The post-man knocks at the door under the designated number. 'A letter for — Jones, Esq.' 'Do n't live here,' answers the Irish 'stick-in-waiting.' A pencil-mark is placed on the epistle, and without even the scratch of a bare bodkin, it is *dead*, in due time to be forwarded to its tomb at Washington, there to be dissected and burned, where its ashes will lie until that day when all thoughts shall be revealed. It has gone to its long home, it has been launched into another world, amid flame and smoke, without a pang, without a regret for all the hopes or sorrows, joys or griefs which gave it birth, or a single thought on the part of the loved, hated, or doomed Mr. Jones, from its not having lived to fulfil its destiny.

They have a profound interest, these dead-letters! They bring with them mystery, melancholy, and a brooding sadness; and we have to thank them for many a dreamy reverie, as well as for incidents ludicrous and sorrowful. Their deaths, like others, often end friendship and love, and affection grows cold from fancied neglect. Who has lived many years in this sin-marred paradise and not known the importance which may attach to a dead-letter? Anna S —, a dark-eyed sylph, now in heaven let us hope if there be one for the suicide, loved and was loved again. Her lover, in search of those smiles of fortune which would enable him to wed, went to the South. He wrote to her with love's own eloquence, but the letters miscarried, and reports reached her of his Southern gayety. Stung to the soul by his apparent neglect, she married another, and too late learned the madness of the act. Poor girl! she breathed chloroform and death together, and followed her letters to the tomb.

And now the originals of these gleanings must go back to their tombs from which we have snatched their spirits for the few years' immortality of print. We part with them regretfully, and would fain hand them over to those who have waited in vain for their coming, and watched as 'they that watch for the morning,' until 'hope deferred made the heart sick' and faint, and the faith which was its best support, grow weak and doubting. But what we sympathize with is as a drop in the ocean. Day by day, this letter-maelstrom sucks in its hecatombs of victims, sad emblem of our own blundering, mistaken or neglected lives, but we have a hope which they can neither claim nor share, that we shall be taken from our dead-letter office, printed in nonpareil type in the book of life, and placed in the library of heaven for communion with the angels near the throne of the ALMIGHTY.

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STANZAS: TO ANNA.

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BY THOMAS WARD.

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I.

WHEN some pet bird escapes the cage,  
And wings once more the heavenly plain,  
We grieve, yet soon our pangs assuage,  
To know 't is with its mates again.

II.

So, ANNA, since the will divine  
To all thy dear ones gives thee free,  
We 'll pay our peace to purchase thine,  
Since robbing us enriches thee.

III.

To know our loss thy gain became,  
Would soothe even parting's bitter doom:  
The heart, unselfish, braves the flame,  
Whose rays the loved one's path illumine.

IV.

Farewell! — they claim thee now, and we  
With struggling smiles and tears obey:  
Flee to their longing bosoms, flee!  
We weep, yet would not bid thee stay.

## THE PLOUGH AND THE PEN.

WE love to associate the Plough and the Pen as representing two of the noblest callings that have ever been followed by mankind, agriculture and literature. The plough and the pen seem to be inseparable. As we look down the long vista of the classic ages, we see them side by side; and as we glance over the enlightened portions of mankind at the present day, we see them still the same. Wherever we go, together we find or miss them. The untutored savage prefers his venison to the choicest fruits of agriculture; and the unlettered nomadic tribes of Asia care naught for all else beside their flocks and herds. The plough and the pen are at once the prophecy and fulfilment of the prosperity and civilization of a people. Long may they continue to culture this favored land of ours.

Literature, in its broad sense, includes whatever relates to the propagation of thought. We often hear it stated, and truly stated, that the object of education is not so much to crowd the memory with particular facts as to educe, draw out, the latent powers of the mind and make them active. Following out this idea, literature may be divided into two classes, the literature of fact and the literature of power. The former class embraces such books as treat of mathematics, law, and medicine; the latter, those works of philosophy, history, and poetry, that give a higher tone to character, and furnish us with motives to become better men and women. The literature of fact reveals; the literature of power inspires. Thought propagates thought. The thoughts expressed on the printed page are repeated in kindred thoughts of our own. The full, round thought of the writer becomes a central sun, around which circle a constellation of thoughts of the reader. The literature of fact is wheat stored away in the granary; the literature of power is seed thrown broadcast, and wherever sown, yielding harvests great or small in proportion to the care and culture of the reapers. Many a poet has caught his inspiration from the pages of Shakspeare; many a philosopher his spirit of inquiry from the works of Bacon. Take up Carlyle or Emerson, and the suggestions of thought crowd almost every line. It is a trite and true saying that the greatest powers of nature are the stillest in their movements. This is especially true of whatever moves the mind. We can form no adequate conception of the immense motive power of literature every day working in our midst, at our firesides. Silently and unseen, our thoughts, our sentiments, our characters, are moulded by what we read. Remove from our age and country literature as a power giving form and culture to character, and we should relapse into

condition of barbarism. We doubt whether Washington, Jackson, and Taylor, as warriors, did more in building up and sustaining American institutions than those intellectual giants known the world over for their state papers, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Webster.

Literature has its pleasures. There is one kind of pleasure in penning our own thoughts, and another in reading the thoughts of others. Those only who are fully initiated can enjoy the former pleasure. The youth who for the first time sits down to blot a bit of paper with a few common-place thoughts would give a sorry tale of the pleasures of literary life. He must persevere in spite of a few head-aches and heart-aches; he must think long and earnestly; he must scribble here and blot out there; he must watch early and late, before he can even enter the vestibule of that temple where Homer and Dante and Milton feasted upon the ambrosia of their own great thoughts. And yet we all know somewhat of the pleasures of the author, for we all, at times, have enjoyed self-communings and musings. We all now and then have spent an hour in converse with ourselves. And pleasant hours too, they were. The pleasures arising from our memories and hopes and fancies are akin to the pleasures of the author as he writes out his thoughts and feelings. There are times when we all are dreamers. But the master writer is more than dreamer; he is creator. How intense must have been those thrillings of pleasure that ran through the frame of blind old Milton, as the gorgeous scenes of 'Paradise Lost,' at imagination's bidding opened to his enraptured vision!

Again, there is that other and closely allied pleasure in poring over pages rich with the thoughts and fancies of others and of other days. That pleasure is now open to the common mass of minds. The school-boy knows what it is, when on a spring afternoon, with his Robinson Crusoe under his arm, he steals away to the sunny side of the house or barn, and reads on and on, and turns over leaf after leaf, till the shades of night close thick about him. The poetic amateur knows what it is, when with the works of Scott or Byron or Longfellow in his hand, out in the green field beside the clear running stream, under the branching elm, with the sweet notes of birds above him, and the incense of flowers borne upon every breeze, he reads those lyrics or lengthier poems which will ever be the pride of the English language. Yes! And the man of maturer years and riper judgment knows what it is, as he takes up some physical or metaphysical treatise, and dives deep into the mysteries of the world of nature about him, or attempts to explore the still more hidden laws of the mind. There he does not look for the rich vein of imagination and 'the ornate style and rounded period.' The bare facts are enough, for every one of them is a pearl of priceless value. Thus from early boyhood to mature old age, the flowers and prints of literature are



strewn thick along the path of life, and emit sweet odors to cheer the pilgrim on, as he journeys o'er the hills and through the vales of time. Sir John Herschel says: 'Give a man a taste for reading and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless indeed you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.'

And now, having considered the dignity of the pen, its power, and subjective and objective pleasures, let us, in conclusion, inquire how we should use the pen, or, in other words, in what manner we can form a correct style of writing.

A would-be orator, who thinks he must fill his subject brimful of fire and fancy, says, that in the writings of Burke alone can be found the true essence of a model style. He accordingly imitates the faulty qualities of Burke, the excesses of uncurbed passion and imagination, without the ability of following out the deep train of philosophic thought that made Burke what he was, and preserved him from reeling off the high precipice of sublimity (close to whose edge he was constantly treading) into the deep gulf of bombast. Another person, a votary of the muses, imagines that he can gain the summit of Parnassus only by a melodious flow of numbers, where the 'liquids all glide pat in.' This one chooses Pope for his model, and spends his inspired moments in tuning his ear, and not his soul, to heavenly melody. The result is, he writes excellent jingling nonsense, but has none of the sterling worth and rich fancy of Pope. A third person, young and inexperienced, tries his abilities for navigating safely upon the broad ocean of letters by dabbling in essays and reviews. He too must have his model, and he too solves for the world the hard problem who the lucky one is that possesses the secret of a model style. At length he declares that it is Macaulay or Whipple, or some other one whose disposition and train of thinking are congenial to his own. We thus perceive that in every department of literature where is found a model style in the writings, now of one and now of another, of its many votaries. And we also see that persons of different opinions and characters, and consequently of widely different styles of writing, are each brought forward by their admirers as most worthy of imitation.

Now we do not pretend to deny that Burke, Pope and others had each of them a style in some measure worthy of imitation; but we do say that not one of them had a model style for persons differently constituted. They may have used the most appropriate language that

could have been employed to express their own thoughts; doubtless they had studied much and well their own characters, dispositions, tastes and modes of thinking, and with prime reference to these, formed what we call style. And in the same manner, every one can do, should do, must do, who expects ever to acquire any well-grounded reputation as a writer.

Why is it that we always look for beauty, truth, and nature to the old writers that created our early English literature, and breathed into it a living spirit — to Chaucer, Spenser, and Hooker? Why? Because the light that shone forth from their productions, was no borrowed light. They looked not abroad, but within themselves for a model style. No imitators were they, but true to themselves. And the ages after have been and will be also true to them. In fact, imitators seldom succeed as writers, and if ever they do, it is in spite of their imitation, and by reason of some inherent qualities of their own, which can never be acquired by study, but must be originally implanted in the man. And then, whenever they examine the style of an author, they are too superficial. They only notice that which strikes them at first as being the peculiar forte of the author. For example, take the style of our own lamented Washington Irving. No one can read a single page of his writings and not be charmed with his easy flow of language and beauty of expression and poetic sentiments. Without looking further, his many imitators think that they understand the secret of his mastery, and straightway glide down the gentle windings of smoothly-flowing sentences whose meaning is lost in the liquid music of language. Or take the style of the historian of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' When his imitators undertake to steal his thunder, they find out too late that Gibbon has something else, without which all their literary efforts prove a mere rumbling of words. They can readily imitate his thunder, but never his lightning. Gibbon has something beside mere outside show, something that underlies and supports and binds together his magnificent temple of historic learning. His imitators overlooking, or rather not looking deep enough to perceive this all-sustaining, all-important something, shoot up their gaudy edifices to the skies, and then 'over-load with cumbrous ornaments their littleness.' But the winds and storms of time are sure to come and sweep away their boastful pretensions to immortality. No one can become master of the style of Gibbon until he understands this half-concealed something. And he cannot fully comprehend this until he enters into the very spirit of his thoughts, feelings, and inspiration — until he becomes Gibbon himself in mind, soul, and body.

Let us away then with the vague idea of a model style, and servilely imitate no one. And yet, we should examine as many authors as we

can, the more the better. But while we do this, we should first and last look within ourselves and measure the capacities of our minds, and brood over our thoughts and weigh them well. If our thoughts are light and airy, they should pass away on a 'flippant tongue.' If they are massive, ponderous thoughts, they should roll along in language that bespeaks force and energy. If they are buoyed up with fancy, they should have beauty of expression. If they are seething with volcanic passion, they should stream forth in lava words. In fine, our language should breathe the same spirit that our thoughts do. We shall thus have, to say the least, or rather the most, a natural style; and nature, here as elsewhere, is strength. Facts, fancies, and feelings are what we wish to bring out in prominent view. Thought rides a king triumphant through the world, and language is simply the chariot. In view of this, we should make it our chief object to employ such language as will best express our thoughts. This is the one, the only way in which we can form, in the full meaning of the term, a model style.

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#### THE MOUNTAINS.

Sitting here in this silent room,  
Blinded with weeping, and sick and strange,  
I see it, whitening out of the gloom,  
A chill and sorrowful mountain-range.

Never o'er summit, or peak, or slope,  
Aught of gladness or pleasure thrills:  
Never a glimmer of joy or hope  
Blesses or brightens these desolate hills.

All the winds which over them blow  
Are sighs too bitter to brook control,  
And all the dew-drops or rain they know  
Are hot tears wrung from a stricken soul.

First is the pallid, silent face,  
Turned forever away from tears,  
Then two pale hands, which will keep their place,  
Folded from labor through all the years.

Then the knees, which will never bow,  
Never bend or obey again,  
And then the motionless feet, which now  
Are done with walking in sun and rain.

These are the mountains; and over all  
Sinks and settles the winding-sheet,  
Following sharply each rise and fall  
From the cliff-like brow to the pointed feet.

These are the mountains which through the gloom  
Rising whitely and cold I see;  
Sloping down to the silent tomb—  
The mournful Hills of Mortality.

## THE RESCUE OF GUENEVERE.

## I.

From the hushed and solemn city, stately,  
Royal Camelot!  
Beneath proud castle towers, and by  
Peasant's lowly cot,  
By the river's winding banks, and  
Through the verdant plain,  
Came slowly, slowly onward the  
Hushed and solemn train.

## II.

Gallant knights in sable armor, gazing  
Earthward, led the van;  
Slow the step, and stern the brow, and  
Sad the heart of every man.  
Every shield was wreathed with cypress,  
Every sword was foul with rust,  
Every lance was pointed downward,  
Every banner trailed in dust.

## III.

Robed in sombre funeral vestment, came  
Fair, frail GUENEVERE, the Queen —  
Fairer than the loveliest ladies mortal  
Eyes have ever seen.  
Fairer than the Fairy VIVIANE, mistress  
Of wise MERLIN's heart;  
Fairer than the famed MORGANA, versed  
In MERLIN's magic art;

## IV.

Fairer than ISONDE LA BELLE, joy and  
Bane of TRISTRAM's life;  
Fairer than the Lady GUMIER, brave  
Sir CRADOCK's peerless wife;  
Fairer than the rose of Eden, fairer  
Than the lily's flower:  
Frail — ah! frailer than the blossoms,  
Which fall withered every hour.

## V.

All around her, sorrowing ladies with  
Loud wailings rent the air;  
By her side her ghostly father  
Whispered penitence and prayer.

‘Plead with JESUS, O my daughter! that  
Thy sin may be forgiven;  
HE will take thee, if thou trust HIM,  
Through this fiery gate to Heaven.’

## VI.

Lo, before them gleams the fagot!  
Blanched is every manly face,  
Loudly pray the wailing women: ‘Lend  
Her now, dear LORD, THY grace!’  
And GUENEVERE, doomed and guilty,  
Queen GUENEVERE, frail and fair,  
Sick with terror, faint and weeping,  
Droops her head in dumb despair.

## VII.

Hark! a tumult! Arméd knights dash  
Headlong through the ranks,  
Like the rush of foaming torrent, when  
The flood o’erleaps its banks.  
Foremost rides in helm and hauberk,  
Leading on the bold attack,  
The fair queen’s dauntless champion, brave  
Sir LAUNCELOT DU LAC.

## VIII.

Ah! woe, that ever English earth, should  
Drink up English blood!  
Scarce fifty mail-clad men are left,  
Where twice two hundred stood!  
Like the grain before the reaper, in the  
Contest fierce and hot,  
Went down King ARTHUR’s chivalry,  
Beneath the sword of LAUNCELOT.

## IX.

Then to his castle Joyeuse Garde, with  
Pomp and proud array,  
Sir LAUNCELOT and GUENEVERE, in triumph  
Led the way.  
And back to royal CAMELOT, King  
ARTHUR’s vanquished men,  
With their dead and dying comrades,  
In silence rode again.

## X.

All that day the good King ARTHUR  
Spent in solemn prayer and fast;  
(Gloomy day of grief and horror, how  
Lingeringly it passed!)  
Who shall break his weary vigil,  
With the tidings of the fight?  
Who dare tell of LAUNCELOT’s victory, and  
The false queen’s shameless flight?

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE: with the Story of IRIS. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Author of 'The Autocrat at the Breakfast-Table.' In one Volume: pp. 403. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

'AN author's first completely successful book,' says a modern French author, 'must prove to him at least a flattering friend; and it should be his especial province to see, that it may not even become his enemy.' Our readers well know that from the very commencement of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' in the 'Atlantic Monthly,' up to its conclusion in that Magazine, this series of brilliant papers had no more fervent admirers than ourselves: insomuch, indeed, that when we found that the 'Autocrat' was changed to the 'Professor,' but was still to sit at the same table, with kindred elements of inspiration, or objects of observation and comment, before him; we could not but fear that the 'cream of the cream' had been vouchsafed to us, and that both the author and his readers might be disappointed in the lacteal 'quotient.' We think the verdict of the general public will be, as it certainly is ours, that the present volume is much surpassed by the 'Autocrat;' and yet, if it stood alone, not subject to comparison, it would be accounted, as in many portions it undeniably is, a brilliant work; distinguished by acute observation and *individualization* of character; the most trenchant 'Damascus-blade' satire; with occasional passages of pathos and humor, which cannot but command admiration. Yet, after all, the frequent colloquial, and soliloquial interruptions and interpolations affect us not as they did aforetime. We agree with an able contemporary, that although the 'Professor' is hardly equal to the 'Autocrat,' it is still a book 'most notable for its pictures of daily life; its dissection of character by a masterly turn of the scalpel; and its laying bare of hidden traits and carefully-masked motives; hardly less so, too, for its portraiture, by instantaneous process, of New-England types of men, women, and children.' Our copy is full of mark-slips, but we can find space for none of the passages which they indicate. The execution of 'The Professor' is uniform with that of 'The Autocrat,' which, it will be remembered, was an exceedingly beautiful book. However, *all* of Messrs. TICKNOR AND FIELDS' publications are well printed: indeed we regard them as foremost among the most tasteful publishers of the United States.



THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume Eight. FUGGER to HAYNAU. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1859.

FACTS are perhaps the rarest things in the world. From the time when even-handed justice took her flight from pagan lands to the skies, there have been very few exact truths among men. The reason deals with a chameleon-like universe, and would be utterly mystified if it were not made dogmatic by passions and interests. All history is the conflict of partial, one-sided truths, and the Greeks and barbarians, Europe and Asia, France and England, the North and the South, all find each other acting on wrong principles, and manifesting grotesque and unaccountable perversities of character. The discussions are embodied and perpetuated in literature, which is getting to be such a prevailing popular nuisance that an anti-new-book society may soon be expected, provided there are any philanthropists left. It was an hypothesis of NEWTON that if the body of the earth were so compressed that absolutely no pores should be left in it, it would be reduced to the bulk of a cubic inch. Literature, doubtless, upon the same hypothesis, would be reduced in about the same proportion. As an antidote to the sensational, namby-pamby books, the feeble and careless imitations and reproductions, to which a bad popular taste has given an unprecedented currency in this country, we are happy to refer again to the 'New American Cyclopædia,' a repertory of plain facts.

Most of the articles seem to be written on the principle of stating a thousand facts in a thousand lines, and the prevalent style may be described as a highly felicitous dock-tailed style. When this sort of writing is carried through a long article on a great subject by a competent person, the effect is something surprising, and shows the merit there may be in Cyclopædias. Such an article in a previous volume was that on Buddhism, which is worth more to an intelligent inquirer than any whole book on the subject in the English language. Every sentence presents either a cohort of new items, or a wide, all-embracing synthesis. In some of the more important articles, as those on Athens and DANTE in former volumes, brevity does not prove incompatible with a high degree of literary excellence. In the eighth volume we have found no article so eminently marked as those, by literary treatment, none which stand so high as literary and intellectual performances, or which promise, like them, to be standard essays. The section of the alphabet which it traverses does not seem to have very strong literary propensities, its favorite topics being rather such as gas, glass, gold, goose, gorilla, gravity, guano, gunpowder, gyroscope, geography, geology, and geometry. The article on Geometry, which is defined as 'the science which treats of order and proportion in space,' is especially elaborate and valuable. GOETHE, HAWTHORNE, HALLAM, and HALLECK are the finest literary biographies. Music is treated with especial favor, five or six pages apiece being allowed to GLUCK, HANDEL, and HAYDN. Theologians will not be the only persons interested in the articles on the Gallican Church, the Greek Church, the excellent sketch of German Theology, and the biographies of GALILEO and Madame GUYON. GIOTTO is the most prominent representative of artists, GALLATIN and

ALEXANDER HAMILTON of statesmen, HAVELOCK of warriors, and KASPAR HAUSER of eccentrics. The sketch of German Literature is marked by geniality and an occasional brilliancy of expression, notwithstanding the almost innumerable names of authors and books which it chronicles. The article on Furniture, which is worth about as little as any in the volume, has at least the universal merit of being crowded with items. It is, however, written in rather precarious and boyish English, and in a spirit of enthusiasm for the elegancies and extravagances of the subject such as might be expected from a keeper of an old curiosity shop or from a sentimental 'ole clo'es' dealer. The long article on Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON and his philosophy is very complete and able, but will be read with entire satisfaction only by such metaphysicians as are Scotch, and not German, in their habits of thought.

A valuable feature of this cyclopædia is the numerous references at the close of the principal articles to the best books and sources of information on the subjects.

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SELF-HELP: WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHARACTER AND CONDUCT. By SAMUEL SMILES. In one Volume: pp. 356. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

We have seen this work described as equal to the 'Life of GEORGE STEPHENSON,' by the same author. We do not agree in this judgment, although 'Self-Help' is an excellent work, both in its numerous and various lessons and illustrations; but we regard the 'Life of STEPHENSON' as one of the best biographies of its kind we ever read, and in the illustrious example of its subject, one of the most useful. The idea of 'Self-Help' was suggested by a series of lectures delivered by the author to a class of young men who had formed an association for mutual improvement in London. Its illustrations are from all classes, and almost all professions, trades, and arts. Read the sketch of JENNER, the immortal discoverer of *Vaccine*, and ponder the opprobrium and persecution through which he was compelled to struggle, to reach his final triumph. The chapter on '*Workers in Art*,' together with many other divisions of the work, will afford examples of persistent industry, which have not hitherto been familiar to the public.

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HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION. Intended as a Manual for Teachers and Students. By PHILOBIBLIUS: with an Introduction by HENRY BARNARD, LL.D. New-York: A. S. BARNES AND BURN. 1860.

THIS is a concise compendium, aiming to give only the main points of its great subject. This purpose it accomplishes with skill and thoroughness, presenting an outline of the practices and systems of education from the flood to the present time. The English reader will hardly find elsewhere so summary and satisfactory an account of mediæval studies and of the modern systems of SPENER, FRANCKE, BASEDORF, and PESTALOZZI. There is also an interesting sketch of the schools of the Jesuits in the seventeenth century.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EDITORIAL NARRATIVE-HISTORY OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER TEN.\*—The writer of the admirable and very comprehensive paper upon '*James Fenimore Cooper and his Writings*,' which appeared in the '*North-American Review*' for the October quarter, and from which we quoted in our last number, speaking of the great novelist's *outward* characteristics, frankly admits that there existed against him 'a certain prejudice, which not only made him a stranger to many estimable admirers of his early writings, but greatly interfered with the legitimate success of his later works. The consequence was, that hundreds who never saw him, and many who knew him only casually, were repelled as by a cold and aggressive nature. He took no pains to win the suffrages of his countrymen abroad, and many of them resented this exercise of private judgment,' etc. But the reviewer proceeds to show, that an estimate formed of COOPER, through a prejudice such as this, did him the greatest injustice: for he *proved* himself 'courageous, honorable, unpretending, and unaffected:' abroad, he 'instinctively discovered, and generously aided, struggling native genius;' he won honor by his arduous efforts for the Greeks and Poles, and by his courageous self-devotion during a memorable pestilence.

We have mentioned these things, in opening the present number of our 'Narrative,' that we might frankly admit the former existence, in our own mind, of the too common prejudice alluded to by the reviewer. The very free-spoken gentleman, (we venture to say,) who informed our critic that Mr. COOPER was 'one of the most disagreeable of men' was not the only 'commentator' upon his character who had conveyed to us a similar impression; at the same time without affording us the means of knowing whether the impression were well or ill-founded. We ascertained our mistake, however, not long afterward.

We were sitting one afternoon at the business-desk of the KNICKERBOCKER, (then published by CLARK AND EDSON, from the spacious publishing-house of

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\*It was our purpose (interrupted, as will have been seen, by a most melancholy duty) to have referred somewhat farther in our last number, to the numerous subsequent communications from the pen of the Rev. F. W. SHELTON to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, which may be said to have steadily increased in excellence and in popularity, up to the present time. It may suffice, however, now to say, that so *comparatively* recent were the '*Up-River Letters*,' those vivid transcripts from nature, and truthful records of human feeling, and the '*Green-Mountain Sketches*,' that numbers among our present readers would have regarded any comments upon, or quotations from, them as unnecessary and adscititious.

WILEY AND LONG, at number 161 Broadway,) writing a note to a correspondent, when Mr. WILEY, senior of the firm, came back to our corner and said :

'Mr. C —, would you not like to be made acquainted with Mr. FENIMORE COOPER? He is in the forward part of the store, and if you desire to know him, I will take you up and introduce you.'

We had noticed Mr. COOPER at the retail counter, looking over his own latest work, then just from the press of his publishers in Philadelphia, as we entered the store; for we knew him well by sight, having often encountered his erect, manly, almost defiant form, in Broadway. But, owing to the influence of the prejudice we have mentioned, we declined, with thanks, the honor of an introduction, assigning to our friend, Mr. WILEY, our preconceived impression of the great American author as the 'moving why' of our non-acceptance of his courteous and kindly offer.

Mr. WILEY passed forward to the front of the store; and after engaging for a while in conversation with Mr. COOPER, who was reading at the time, if we remember rightly, and commenting upon, certain passages from the new work of his, which he held in his hand, he returned to us and said :

'Mr. C —, Mr. COOPER says he should like you to be made known of him; and that he has some matters connected with the KNICKERBOCKER, concerning which he might perhaps suggest something to you.'

'Certainly; with the greatest pleasure,' was of course our natural reply.

Mr. COOPER received us in a frank, unaffected manner; and after a few passages of introductory conversation, he said :

'Mr. C —, have you read LOCKHART's Life and Diary of WALTER SCOTT?'

'Not entirely,' we replied; 'we are engaged even now, in the perusal of the latter portion of the work.'

Mr. COOPER went on to remark that the 'Life' was replete with errors, and that it was disfigured, moreover, by far more serious faults: and he concluded by asking :

'Will you permit me, Mr. C —, 'to ride in a coach-and-six through that production, in your pages?'

'Certainly,' we made answer: 'stipulating only, for the honor due to our pages, Mr. COOPER, that the article shall not be anonymous, but bear your eminent name as the author.'

'That is precisely what I had proposed to myself to do,' replied Mr. COOPER: 'I wish the article to be known and to be felt as mine.'

Some farther conversation ensued touching some of the topics which would be prominently touched upon in the proposed review: and in a day or two afterward Mr. COOPER left the metropolis for his home at Cooperstown, whence in a few days he transmitted to us the desiderated 'paper.' It was written in the form of an extended review, and inadvertently not signed by Mr. COOPER, as had been his avowed original intention: and it occupied almost the entire space devoted to our 'Literary Notices' for the month. Mr. COOPER's name, as the writer, was however given in the 'EDITOR'S TABLE' of the same number of the Magazine which contained the article. As this was the first communication of Mr. COOPER to the KNICKERBOCKER, and as it excited much attention and

animadversion in public journals on both sides of the Atlantic, some twenty years ago, we shall be justified (if not commended) by thousands among our present readers, who may never have heard of the matter before, in presenting a synopsis of the 'case,' and some of the arguments thereupon.

Mr. COOPER begins by stating that when he heard that to LOCKHART had been assigned the task of writing the life of Sir WALTER SCOTT, he felt that a very important work had been committed to a very improper person: and he proceeds to denounce it, for various reasons, as 'mystified and insincere,' 'false in principles, and dangerous to the young;' averring that it exposed motives of action on the part of the renowned Novelist that were 'never admitted by the upright, and never avowed by the sensitive;' in short, that he 'claimed for his illustrious father-in-law a character for worth and probity, which was utterly irreconcilable with his own stated facts;' that he called upon his readers to 'venerate a name that, in a moral sense, owed its extraordinary exaltation to some of the most barefaced violations of the laws of rectitude that ever distinguished the charlatanism of literature.' His subject was not entitled to the venerable axiom '*Nil, nisi bene de mortuis;*' since he had commanded that his personal history should be published, and had designated his biographer; had transmitted him materials for his work; materials, too, which reflected injuriously, and in many instances unjustly, upon third persons, who had a perfect right to show their want of value; especially in his 'Diary,' wherein he had 'commented freely and loosely upon others, and yet from which he had sworn never to erase a line that had once been written in it:' and the 'Diary' itself showed that he looked forward to its future publication.

Mr. COOPER now goes on to show, by quotations from his letters, that Sir WALTER SCOTT practised 'the deception of giving letters of introduction, with private marks to apprise the correspondent that he was not to heed the words of the communication.' Now if these marks, Mr. COOPER argues, 'did *not* contradict the words of the letter, they were clearly unnecessary: if they *did* contradict the words of the letter, they became a deliberate falsehood, and a falsehood that was so much the worse, since it was connected with treachery, cloaked in the garb of friendship. If Sir WALTER SCOTT could advise his brother to give false letters of introduction to himself, to avoid the risk of showing a little bootless civility, who can doubt that he resorted to the same expedient in more important matters?' Whereupon the trenchant and wounded critic proposes 'to show how completely the vein of insincerity ran through Scott's entire moral system:' beginning with his letter to GIFFORD, upon the subject of establishing the London '*Quarterly Review*,' which is described as 'Scott, from the commencement to the end; being full of talents, worldly prudence, management, false-principles, insincerity, mystification, and moral fraud!' Mr. COOPER goes on to aver, that this letter of SCOTT revealed a deep-laid scheme of deception to be practised upon the public in establishing the Review, and exposed 'the wily and unjustifiable manner in which the real ends were to be obtained, in gradually gaining the confidence of the world by concealing the true object, until in possession of the public ear by a course of upright reviewing, the periodical

might turn its batteries immediately on those it was designed to injure: 'an 'open and express declaration of political principles' was to be avoided, 'until the respect of the public, by impartial disquisition, had been gained.' 'It strikes us very much,' continues Mr. COOPER, in his 'unminced' language, 'as if two well-dressed fellows should go out into the world with an understanding that they would be on their good behavior until they got into a set where gold snuff-boxes might reward their light-fingered dexterity!' It is farther charged, that while Sir WALTER SCOTT, as a rank Tory, was servilely submissive, in public, to the great, he was in private their frequent traducer; and passages from his letters are given, intended to prove that he denounced the 'coach-driving nobility of Britain,' and spoke unhesitatingly of the royal family as 'neither quiet nor decent,' neither 'correct nor moral,' in their deportment: and as to the Review, that after all, 'SCOTT deceived GIFFORD, as he had advised GIFFORD to deceive the public;' the real reason of his agency in establishing the work being mainly personal; an acknowledged act of private revenge against the publisher and the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' CONSTABLE and Lord JEFFREY; and that in following out his plans he did that with his pen which 'was only worthy of a Grub-street hack.'

Mr. COOPER goes on still farther to illustrate what he considers Sir WALTER SCOTT's 'insincerity,' by charging, that in two letters, written within a week of each other, the first to Lord MELVILLE, the second to the Duke of Buccleuch, he had declared to each noble patron, that *each* had been the 'architect of his (SCOTT's) little fortune.' Again: he is accused of reviewing himself in what might be called his own periodical, in an article in his own hand-writing, wherein his works were warmly commended, and from which their sale was largely increased. 'When one reads a review,' argued Mr. COOPER, 'secretly written by the writer himself, he becomes the subject of a deception. A review, on its face, professes to be, as far as it goes, an impartial judgment, made up by an impartial judge. If authors were known to review their own works, few would take the trouble to read their strictures, and those who did, would regard their comments with very different eyes from what is usually done.'

'A principal failing of SCOTT's character, a profound and besetting deference for hereditary rank and power,' is next severely commented upon. This would be creditable, were the 'rank and power' coupled with goodness and worth: but SCOTT's subserviency, it was contended, was a 'cold, calculating, worldly expediency;' 'a disposition to advance his own fortunes;' in fact, a 'regular, old-fashioned *Scotticism*.' This, it is alleged, is abundantly manifest in the 'whining and pitiful letter' written by SCOTT to Sir WILLIAM KNIGHTON, the agent and 'pimp' of the PRINCE of Wales, soliciting honors and preferment for his son, after he himself had been knighted, and deserted the PRINCE for the PRINCE. All these things Mr. COOPER says he dwelt upon, because he regretted to see a disposition in this country, as well as abroad, 'to view *principles* through their connection with the conduct of great men, instead of viewing *great men* through their acts and principles.' Mr. COOPER also adverts briefly, but with marked severity, to Sir WALTER's treatment of a brother, DANIEL SCOTT; who, having on one occasion shown a want of courage, SCOTT dropped



entirely; 'carrying his resentment to the grave—for he refused even to attend his funeral.'

We pass by entirely Mr. COOPER's idea of the manner in which Sir WALTER SCOTT's efforts to pay off his debts should be examined and adjudicated by the world: simply presenting the closing argument of this branch of his letter: 'in Scott's circumstances, with Abbotsford in jeopardy, it is not extraordinary that he should attempt to pay his debts; it would have been extraordinary had he *not* attempted it:' and 'Sir WALTER SCOTT devoting himself to hopeless toil from a sentiment of probity, and Sir WALTER SCOTT working to pay off a mortgage on his property, present very different pictures to the world:' the more especially as the profits of his pen were enormous; he having, as a single example, received fifty thousand dollars for his *Life of NAPOLEON*.

To the '*Diary*' itself Mr. COOPER devoted but limited space in his '*Expose*.' As a literary composition, it had 'rare beauties, and egregious faults,' while its morals were still more exceptionable. From this '*Diary*,' COOPER accuses SCOTT of deserting the death-bed of his wife, and repairing to Edinburgh, without an excuse for the act which even his son-in-law could bring forward; evincing a lack of that 'goodness of heart,' and those noble 'domestic qualities,' which had been dwelt upon so lovingly by his biographer. And now let us see what COOPER thought of SCOTT as a writer:

'The greatest peculiarity of SCOTT, as a writer, was *tact* in throwing a high degree of grace around all he did. He has been surpassed in invention, in power, and in vividness of description; in nice delineations of character even, though rarely; but he has never been equalled in this faculty. In many cases in which he has failed in his conceptions, he has redeemed himself by the graceful manner in which he has presented his fallacies. He had a just estimate of men, *more especially in their vices and weaknesses*; and thus we find, that while most of his loftier characters are the heroes of tradition, his representatives of vice are inventions, that betray an *intimate knowledge of the corrupt workings of the human heart*. The faculty we have mentioned, not only pervaded the writings of SCOTT, but it strikes us that it pervaded the entire character of the man. It was, in truth, the art of seemliness, of *vraisemblance* in delineation, of appearances in practice; and its effect, in the latter case, was to render that pleasing to the senses, which was in truth obnoxious to the censures of the right-minded and just. Even the very letters that we have quoted in this article, possess this charm of manner, and some of them will require more than one reading, to enable the ordinary observer to detect all their innate want of principle.

'To the peculiarity named, however, SCOTT added high powers of the imagination, though they were subordinate rather than inventive, requiring to be quickened by associations, and depending as much on memory as on any other faculty of the mind. Thrown purely on his own naked resources, unaided by legend and traditions, and reading, and the poetical habits of a poetical country, SCOTT would have had many superiors; and thus it is that we find him more disposed to embellish than to create. The fitness of his particular excellence for his particular style of writing, has induced many to give him credit for more general powers than he possessed; but SCOTT was probably conscious that his *forte* lay in this indirect copying. Whatever he could see, or read of, he could portray with an ability that baffled competition; and although he necessarily often misconceived his originals, he threw so much

seeming reality around his pictures, that even those who ought to have known better, were frequently puzzled to distinguish between the true and the false. This faculty of creating a *vraisemblance*, is next to that of a high invention, in a novelist; and as it was sustained in SCOTT by the additional, or perhaps it were better to say the subsidiary, powers of the humorous, the dramatic, the pathetic, and the eloquent, the united qualities put him at once at the head of his class.'

In speaking of the personal character of SCOTT, MR. COOPER assumed that the idea of setting him up as a '*model character*' was 'abundantly absurd.' He possessed, and 'possessed only in common with other men,' a due degree of courage, liberality, and philanthropy; nothing more: 'he possessed neither quality in any unusual degree.' Had he not been the great writer he was, 'he would have passed among the mass of his fellow-creatures as remarkable in neither respect on these several points.' Touching his personal character, regarded from MR. COOPER's 'stand-point,' a single paragraph will best illustrate our critic's estimate of his literally 'great theme:'

'SCOTT was a man of a century, as respects talents; one of the mass, as regards motives and principles. He had a keen relish for the humorous, and, placed beyond the necessity, imaginary or real, of artifice, he would most probably have been a hearty, convivial, and winning companion. The disposition to conviviality, indeed, was strong within him, and probably, under the influence of Scottish habits, it contributed to the breaking up of his constitution. Following early the bias he had taken toward advancement, however, nature was soon supplanted by factitious expédients, and it was only on occasions, or when among his youthful associates, that he showed himself in the true colors of his originally hearty character. Circumstances soon made him an actor, (he tells us even the precise time, where he alludes to his introduction into the society of his superiors,) and possessing a native aptitude to seemliness, he succeeded in making his acting pass for nature, with those who had not the opportunities for comparison, or who were deficient in observation. His ambition led him to aspire to a place among the cold, artificial aristocracy of England; and, jealous of his own original position, he never acquired their ease, while he did assume a large portion of their marble-like mannerism. Still, the impulses of the natural man would sometimes break down these restraints, and glimpses of his conscious superiority were had through the veil of convention. But, on the whole, he was an actor in general society, to a degree even exceeding the arbitrary laws of the world. Without this acquired desire to assimilate himself to a caste, SCOTT might have been of simple manners; but with this disposition, his simplicity of deportment was elaborately feigned, though, like all he chose to embellish, so well feigned as to induce most observers to believe it true. We question if it would be easy to find another man who, in mixed society, so rarely expressed his true sentiments, or betrayed his real emotions. It is unnecessary to say, that there could be no simplicity of character in all this.'

The foregoing is as clear and close a synopsis of the main features of MR. COOPER's 'coach-and-six' trip through LOCKHART's 'Life of SCOTT,' in the KNICKERBOCKER as it is in our power to prepare, from the extended *matériel* advanced to our hand. Appearing at a time when the admiration of SCOTT's great genius was more general and profound than at any previous period, it is not to be wondered at, that the article, when copied and commented upon, at home and abroad, created a marked sensation. Who expected to hear that Sir WALTER

SCOTT was a man who 'feigned that which he did not feel, said that which he did not think, and, through compulsion, did that which he did not desire?' Who wished to consider him as 'a self-reviewer;' 'an habitual mystifier in matters touching his own interests;' 'a relentless discarder of a brother, yet a flatterer of profligate kings, dissolute princes, and vapid nobles, and an humble follower of wealth and power?'

Well do we remember calling one evening by appointment at Mr. COOPER's hotel in town, with the proof-sheet of the article we have been considering, that he might revise it for the press. He was in excellent spirits; and as he read, he would frequently interrupt himself by comments upon certain passages, while we sipped together a glass of sherry. SCOTT had spoken in his 'Diary' of COOPER's having called upon him at Paris one morning, and of his having 'exhibited the manners, or rather *want* of manners, peculiar to his countrymen.' COOPER 'fired up' at this: launched out against the manners of SCOTT and his wife: said the latter was the daughter of a French fencing-master, with 'manners according;' that she was 'over-fond of the juice of the grape,' etc. etc. As Mr. COOPER said all these things afterward, under his own signature, it is certainly not amiss that we should repeat them here, as collateral evidence of the *quo animo* of his trenchant paper. His fine bent head, under the light of tall sperm candles, that night, and the sparkle of his expressive grey eyes, as he read and commented in our presence upon passages in the proof-sheet of his article, are as palpably before our 'mind's eye' at this moment as if we had seen them but an hour ago.

This article was elaborately replied to, as we shall briefly show hereafter: and we think that even our 'North-American' reviewer will admit that a 'devotion to principle' was not the only 'moving *why*' of Mr. COOPER's savage onslaught upon the great 'Northern Wizard.'

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THE OLD 'OLIVER ELLSWORTH' AND 'SARATOGA' STEAMER. — We noticed some weeks ago, in one of our morning journals, an account of the '*Destruction of the Oldest Steam-boat Known*,' by being cut through with ice in the bay opposite New-Hamburg on the Hudson. This was the old '*Oliver Ellsworth*' steamer, built in this city in 1825, by a frequent correspondent to our early numbers, the late W. C. REDFIELD, to run to Hartford, (Conn.) In 1837 she was transferred to the Hudson River, where she ran for a long time as a passenger-boat. About 1848 she changed hands, when she was re-built, lengthened, and her name changed to Saratoga. From that date up to the time of the disaster, she has been employed in towing river craft between Troy and New-York. A good old *water mark* of steam-boat navigation: but what *we* happen to think of in this connection, is the fact of her having collapsed a flue off New-Haven, scalding several persons, and killing three or four, soon after commencing her trips to Hartford. A horse-express was sent at once from New-Haven to Hartford, and the rider rode into the latter city, his hair streaming in the wind, and his steed white with foam, crying at the top of his voice: '*The Eliver Olsworth has b'iled her bu'ster!*' — *the Eliver Olsworth has b'iled her bu'ster!*'

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING: NUMBER TWO.—On the morning of the last day which Mr. IRVING passed upon earth, we chanced by a hair's breadth to miss the punctual morning train to town, on our west-shore 'Northern Rail-road of New-Jersey.' Our business at the publication-office being urgent, we walked down to the end of the long Erie Rail-road Pier, and took the sail ferry-boat for Irvington, across the swelling flood that rolled between, designing to avail of the Hudson River cars for the metropolis. The wind was a smacking breeze from the north-west; the air clear and very cold. Half-way over, the 'Zee' 'wrought and was tempestuous;' insomuch, that when we arrived at the opposite shore, it was found impossible to land; and we had the mortification to see the earlier train pause for a moment at the dépôt and then sweep on townward, while our skipper was still buffeting the waves. The next train was due two hours afterward; and it occurred to us, that if we *could* land, we would run up for a few moments to Sunnyside, and pay our hasty respects to its illustrious occupant; having seen it announced, by recent visitors, that the state of his health, previously unfavorable, had been materially improved. But after two or three more vain attempts to land, we put about and made for the pier which we had so recently left. We had not seen Mr. IRVING for some months; the last occasion on which we had met him, having been one morning in the summer, as he was getting out of a Hudson River Rail-road car, at the junction of Hudson and Chambers-street, at which time we walked up to Broadway together. Having recently seen it mentioned in one of the daily journals that he was suffering from severe indisposition at Sunnyside, we expressed our surprise at finding him looking so well, or at least in such apparent good health. He replied, in a voice the huskiness of which indicated his complaint, that 'but for the asthma, which had of late greatly troubled him, and would n't permit him to sleep at night, he should be altogether an uncomplaining man.' His bearing was erect, and his step firm; and there was a healthful flush upon his face, which was most gratifying to see.

We parted at the corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, with a request on his part, that we would soon 'cross over the river and pay him a visit some pleasant day:' and this was the last time we ever saw WASHINGTON IRVING, until we saw him in his coffin at Sunnyside.

We mention this apparently trivial circumstance, for the purpose of adding, that it is the last look *in life* which we retain in our memories, and not the features of *the dead*. Mr. IRVING's aspect, as he lay clad for the grave, must not be supposed by the many present at his funeral who had never seen him while living, to represent his true lineaments. The hair was gathered too closely around the temples and the symmetrical, noble brow; and the mouth, in him a most mobile and ever-varying feature, had almost lost, by a compression of the lips, its natural expression.

As we were crossing the river to attend the funeral, we fell into conversation with our next-village neighbor, the eminent and venerable HUGH MAXWELL, so long and so honorably known in our city. He had known Mr. IRVING long and well: and he spoke especially of the retiring modesty which he had found always

to characterize him; 'an element always,' he added, 'of true genius and real worth.' The last time he had seen him, was at the opening of the 'New-York Historical Society's new and imposing edifice. Not desiring to enter the Hall with the crowd of eminent persons who were filling it to repletion, he stepped into an adjoining ante-room, where he found Mr. IRVING, quietly awaiting the time when *he* too could enter unnoticed, and participate in the intellectual enjoyments of the evening, without remark, and without observation. This, with an hundred kindred instances already cited by his friends, shows the true spirit of the man.

Another nearer neighbor, above us on 'the Hill,' who knew Mr. IRVING intimately abroad, at the period when commercial reverses on this side of the Atlantic had made bankrupt the house, in which he was at the time a partner, has kindly reduced to paper, at our suggestion, the substance of a conversation which he held with us in the cars, the morning after Mr. IRVING's funeral:

'THE incident in the life of the late Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, to which I referred in a recent conversation with you, and which you desire me more fully to state in writing, forcibly reminds me of scenes and memories long past; and especially of the early intercourse and acquaintanceship which occasioned him ever afterward, when I met him, to salute me in a particular manner as his friend.

'You are aware that prior to 1817, Mr. IRVING was engaged in commercial affairs with his brother-in-law, Mr. VAN WART, of Birmingham; and that the house was in that year, like many others, subjected to the ruinous effects of one of those extended revulsions of trade, which were more frequent and more disastrous then than in recent times. In the winter of 1817-18, being at Liverpool at the crisis of those calamities, I passed a considerable period in daily intercourse with Mr. IRVING. Meeting him one morning after the receipt of letters from New-York, I observed a smile on his countenance, and congratulated him on the receipt of what I presumed to be good news concerning his affairs. 'Yes,' said he, 'I am relieved: I feel that I have got down to *hard pan*. The last debts on which I relied have proved bad: and in that respect, I have no more ill news to receive.'

'Mr. IRVING was now greatly at a loss as to what course of life he should pursue. He was already well known in his native city as a writer; and there were then at Liverpool several gentlemen of his personal acquaintance, who felt a deep interest in him, and regarded his writings as justly entitling him to admiration and confidence. To bring him into the society of those who could appreciate his gifts, it was proposed that he should meet a select company of literary gentlemen at the then principal public Library Rooms in Liverpool; with a special view to his being made acquainted with the leader of that class, the celebrated WILLIAM ROSCOE. Mr. ROSCOE was consulted, and readily acceded to the arrangement. He was then at the height of his fame as author of the '*Life of Lorenzo de Medicis*,' and of the '*Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*,' comprising a history of Italian literature and arts, and of the revival of letters in Europe. Unbeknown to Mr. IRVING, several pieces of his composition had been placed in Mr. Roscoe's hands, that he might read them previous to the interview; and, among the rest, an article, supposed to be his, '*On the Aborigines of America*,' published, if I remember rightly, in the '*Port Folio*.' Mr. Roscoe read the several pieces, and was delighted with them. But, probably owing to the novelty of the subject, his attention was especially attracted to that relating to the Indians. At the interview referred to, on Mr. IRVING being introduced, Mr. Roscoe immediately said that he already had the satisfaction of knowing him by his writ-

ings; alluded to and eulogized several of his compositions; and concluded by saying that he was particularly delighted with the article on the North-American Indians; some beautiful passages from which he remembered and repeated. Mr. IRVING, in his amiable and quiet way, replied, that he fully agreed with him in his estimate of that admirable article, which was written by his very intimate friend, Mr. HENRY BREVOORT of New-York, and was he thought one of the best that he had published. Mr. ROSCOE was so struck by this reply, so pleased with the candor, the high-minded integrity and justice implied in it, and so won by the simplicity, delicacy, and frankness of Mr. IRVING's manner, that he at once conceived a high esteem and earnest friendship for him. He warmly recommended and encouraged him to pursue a literary career, and assured him that he would gladly exert whatever influence he had with the public, to make known and promote the circulation of what he should thereafter publish. It was this incident chiefly, as I suppose, that determined Mr. IRVING's course. He soon after commenced the publication of his 'Sketch Book,' which justly merited and received the effective support of Mr. Roscoe's zeal and influence.

E. LORD.

It is proper to mention that the obliging writer of the foregoing was not only an acquaintance and friend of Mr. Roscoe's while abroad, but upon his return he was, we believe, a correspondent of his, and of other eminent men of letters, statesmen, and philanthropists of Britain, among whom was the celebrated WILBERFORCE. In this connection also, we would advise the reader of the foregoing reminiscence to refresh his memory of one of the earliest opening papers of 'The Sketch-Book,' that upon '*The Liverpool Athenæum*' and '*Roscoe*.' The gratitude for kindness, as rare as it was delicate, which warmed Mr. IRVING's heart, is as apparent in his writings as it must have been at the time in his face.

And speaking of 'The Sketch-Book:' we may mention here a circumstance connected with the story of '*Mountjoy*,' which afterward appeared among the '*Crayon Papers*' in the KNICKERBOCKER. One evening three or four eminent friends, among them the great artists WASHINGTON ALLSTON and LESLIE, happened to meet at Mr. IRVING's lodgings in London; and as he was about at that time to submit to a prominent London publisher the manuscript of 'The Sketch-Book,' he proposed to read two or three of the papers for the entertainment of his friends. They eagerly seconded the idea: and as he successively gave them the 'Legend of Sleepy-Hollow,' 'The Widow and her Son,' etc., they expressed their fervent delight, and begged him to 'go on by all means:' they 'could willingly sit up all night with such entertainment,' and the like. 'I then,' said Mr. IRVING, 'took up '*Mountjoy*,' and had read several pages, when happening to look up, I thought I saw signs of flagging interest in the countenance of ALLSTON. I presently closed the manuscript, with a remark to the effect that 'if they were not tired of listening, I confessed to some fatigue in reading so long.' This incident decided me: I did not finish the sketch, but laid it in my trunk, and never even glanced at it again for seventeen years!'

What modest deference this, to a dear friend's inferred opinion only! The neat, uninterlined and unerasd manuscript, uniform with that of all the other articles which appeared at the time in the 'Sketch-Book,' was as fresh as yesterday, when it was placed in our hands for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER. And we will



here state it as our conviction, without assigning our reasons for the belief, that there was not one among all the other 'Crayon Papers,' which Mr. IRVING regarded with more individual affection than this exquisitely-delicate and admirable sketch.

We have mentioned the old VAN TASSEL house, before it became the picturesque cottage-mansion of Sunnyside, with all its tasteful changes and 'betterments.' A friend and correspondent, Hon. ABIEL S. THURSTON, of Elmira, in our State, in a recent letter to the EDITOR, states a circumstance which brought him, very many years ago, into business communications with the original proprietor of 'Wolfert's Roost,' JACOB VAN TASSEL. Being an eminent lawyer, at the time, in New-York, he had many cases in which his legal services were required to establish the claims of revolutionary patriots, for 'labor done and performed' in the 'Good old Cause,' in the times which tried men's souls. Among these applicants for a pension, was JACOB VAN TASSEL, at the time proprietor of 'the Roost.' The 'record,' upon which his application was based, and upon which his pension was *immediately* obtained, was in his own hand-writing; and it was such a rare, quaint document, that long after the 'CRAYON' sketch appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, describing 'Wolfert's Roost,' Mr. THURSTON sent, with a brief note, the *original* 'pension-certificate' voucher to Mr. IRVING, from whom he received the subjoined reply:

'MY DEAR SIR:

Sunnyside, Dec. 11th, 1855.

'Accept my thanks for the curious document concerning JACOB VAN TASSEL, which you have had the kindness to send me. I shall carefully lay them up in the archives of my little mansion; which, as you suppose, is built on the identical site, and I may add, partly with the materials, of the 'stone house' once the castle of the redoubtable JACOB. I regret to say I have not the 'Goose-Gun' which once formed its artillery, and which, if tradition speaks true, could carry a ball across the Tappan Sea. (Not in *our* time, thank the Fates! A 'line-shot' would have finished *our* business!—EDITOR.) I saw it once in the possession of old Mr. HENRY BREVOORT, of the Bowery, who promised I should have it at his death: but he is dead, and the 'Goose-Gun' has gone into other hands.

'I must have seen old Mr. VAN TASSEL about the time you became acquainted with him. I had a long conversation with him at his abode in Greenwich-street, New-York, in which I gathered some of the particulars I have since recorded. He was a type of the belligerent yeomanry of Westchester County, who figured in the border feuds of Skinner and Cowboy in the time of the Revolution, and kept watch along the shores of the Tappan Sea.

'Very respectfully,

'Your obliged and humble servant,

'ABIEL S. THURSTON, Esq.

WASHINGTON IRVING.'

The first time we had the pleasure to visit Sunnyside, we strolled out, after an hour's chat with its honored proprietor, to 'fetch a walk' about the beautiful grounds. Wandering along by the brook-side, we came to a rustic seat between three verdant pillars, rising from a branching elm—a perfect plume at the top. Upon the trunk of this tree we carved our baptismal initial, **L**. It was some five

years afterward, after a most pleasant night's sleep in the bed-room over the south porch at Sunnyside —

Let us pause here for a moment. Mr. IRVING, with two candles, preceded us, and as we were about entering the room, he said :

'Now here are some three hundred volumes, all in Spanish, (choicest Castilian,) which my brother PETER collected for me from the libraries of Madrid, and a few from Burgos. You can read them all to-night ! — and it is very seldom that you will get another such a chance. You will not be interrupted, unless perhaps about twelve o'clock, when this particular room may be visited by the ghost of a young lady who died here of love and green apples, when the 'Roost' was owned and occupied by old JACOB VAN TASSEL. You need n't look for her, however : for sometimes she does n't make her appearance at all. I have n't seen her *myself* more than a half-dozen times, altogether !'

We looked over the title-pages of many of the dim and not over-corpulent Spanish-bound tomes, and thought of the faithful brother whose brief record we had seen so many times on Sundays amidst the summer grass on the west side of the little Episcopal church at 'DOBB, his ferry : ' blew out our candles : slipped between the sweet-smelling linen sheets ; and dropped away into 'serene unremembrance and utter silence.'

The birds awoke us at early dawn : we dressed, descended, and 'titupped' noiselessly across the small yellow-and-chocolate colored Holland tiles of the porch, and were presently alongside our branching elm, by the steep bank, deepening, with the 'big blade' of a pocket-knife, the 'L' which we had carved upon its rind so long before. (We pointed it out to our excellent friend D —, and Bro. SPARROW-GRASS the other day : but it is high up on the tree now, and the deep cut seems healing by 'second intention.') While cutting away, a hoarse, unnatural voice exclaimed :

'What are you doing in my g-r-o-u-n-d-s !'

It scared us almost out of the 'crotch' in which we were sitting ! If Mr. IRVING had flourished a grievous 'crab-tree cudgel,' instead of a small lithe stick, we might have seen in reserve for us the 'experience' of CHRISTIAN and HOPEFUL, when Giant DESPAIR surprised them early one morning on 'his grounds.' 'Association' in thought, merely recalls this perhaps too trifling incident to our mind. But while that tree lives, and that 'L' remains, *we* at least shall not forget it.

Whoever has had the good fortune to pass an hour or two, on different occasions in the library at Sunnyside, can scarcely have failed to remark, among the 'ornaments' of the mantel-piece, a *striking* representation of SAMUEL ROGERS, the Banker-Poet of England. It is a small *statuette*, after the French model which was frequently to be met with in Broadway, some six or eight years ago, of which GARBEILLE, then in New-York, furnished many most striking specimens, some of them presenting the well-known lineaments and *not* 'inexpressible' figures of four or five of our most prominent 'fashionable' fellow-citizens. When we first saw this *statuette* of ROGERS standing upon the mantel-piece, we could not help inquiring of Mr. IRVING who it was an 'image' of, and whether he exposed it as an 'ornament,' or an object of curiosity ? It was the most un-

attractive specimen of the 'human face divine' we had ever seen ; in fact, a very *miracle* of ugliness, at first sight : but when you knew who it was, and had scanned the features a little more closely ; when you remembered that it was the refined and tasteful poet, with ' warm heart and feelings young,' although he was seventy years old when it was taken ; veneration took the place of surprise.

Mr. IRVING gave us memoranda of many things heard from distinguished guests at Mr. ROGERS' table, with not a few of ROGERS' own sayings ; some of which we shall present in an ensuing number.

We have read, with exceeding pleasure, which in due time will be fully shared by the public, the subjoined announcement in the *Albany Evening Journal*. Mr. PIERRE M. IRVING was the constant companion, the faithful friend, the ever-assiduous agent and coöperator in all the literary transactions of his illustrious relative. Many a time have we heard WASHINGTON IRVING dwell, with a glow of gratitude mantling in his face, upon the disinterestedness, the untiring exertion, and ever-ready kindness, of this his favorite nephew. His literary tastes are pure, and he holds the pen of an accomplished writer :

' A MEMOIR of Mr. IRVING may in due time be expected. His entire manuscripts and correspondence were left in the hands of PIERRE M. IRVING, who is admirably adapted to the task. Such a memoir will afford early sketches of New-York society, and the first attempts of American literature ; it will bring out the details of Mr. IRVING's life when abroad, and his social intercourse with the master-minds of Europe : and it may explain the magic of that power which subdued the ferocious criticism of London and Edinburgh. At the time of Mr. IRVING's first publication in England, the reviewer's den was as surrounded with the bones of American authors, as Doubting Castle was with those of the pilgrims ; but old Ebony became tamed by the Western ORPHEUS, and relaxing his teeth, explained himself by a figure from 'Comus' : ' The genius of Mr. IRVING has smoothed the raven down of *Censure* till it smiled.' Such a volume the public will look for with eagerness, and read with delight.'

We have spoken above of the affection of WASHINGTON IRVING for his nephew : but this was so general, that it needs no special indication. When a favorite niece, Miss P —, was transplanted to Paris, where, ' a happy wife, and happier mother now,' she still resides ; and when, subsequently, another niece was transferred to the beautiful shores of green Cayuga, to sustain the same relations ; the changes sadly broke in upon his peace : and there was something partly sad, partly whimsical, in his description to us one day, of the 'suspicious' which he entertained, when he first saw the self-reliant young fellows 'snooping' around, and by exposing themselves to observation, preparing him for the request for 'permission to address his niece,' which was sure to follow !

His love for his elder brother seemed to us almost holy. We think an infirmity, that of deafness, added to this endearment. ' You need not try,' he said to us one day, in the little parlor, ' to make brother E — hear any more. His hearing has gone forever : even an instrument is now of no use to him. We were walking out day before yesterday : when, after several unsuccessful trials to make him hear, he dropped his trumpet and said : ' It's all over, WASHINGTON :

I shall hear no more!' He walked sadly along for a moment: then looked up, and around upon the pleasant landscape: 'but I thank God,' said he, 'I can see! — *I can see!*' The tears swelled to my eyes,' said Mr. IRVING, 'to see his face beaming with gratitude, that still a precious sense had been left him.'

Eminence of station affected WASHINGTON IRVING's manner and bearing not one whit. Superior to it, he rose above, and honored it. OUR COUNTRY was honored, not he, when he was sent as our Ambassador to Spain, as we remember remarking at the time: and observe, by the testimony of numerous Americans, EVERETT, BANCROFT, TICKNOR, GEORGE SUMNER, and others, how much he was *himself*, as well as an American minister, while he was abroad, accomplishing, to the fullest satisfaction, his high office. But then he was the same man years before at Madrid: as Mr. LONGFELLOW has borne abundant witness, in the few remarks which he made upon introducing a series of resolutions before the Massachusetts Historical Society. After eloquently adverting to the ineffaceable impression made upon his young mind by the 'Sketch-Book,' Mr. LONGFELLOW said:

'MANY years afterward, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. IRVING in Spain, and found the Author, whom I had loved, repeated in the Man. The same playful humor; the same touches of sentiment; the same poetic atmosphere; and what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy, of all that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self:

'AND rustling hears in every breeze,  
The laurels of MULTIADES.'

'At this time Mr. IRVING was at Madrid, engaged upon his 'Life of COLUMBUS;' and if the work itself did not bear ample testimony to his zealous and conscientious labor, I could do so from personal observation. He seemed to be always at work. 'Sit down,' he would say; 'I will talk with you in a moment; but I must first finish this sentence.'

'One summer morning, passing his house at the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterward, he said: Yes, I am always at my work as early as six.' Since then I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window; so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil: and have recalled those striking words of DANTE:

'SEATED upon down,  
Or in his bed, man cometh not to fame,  
Withouten which, whose life consumes,  
Such vestige of himself on earth shall leave  
As smoke in air and in the water foam.'

These tributes are from IRVING's countrymen: but there lies before us a mutilated letter from Miss 'L. E. L.,' (LONDON,) to the late W. G. C., (Number 22 Hans Place, Sloane Street, London, without date,) wherein she speaks of the delight she had enjoyed a night or two before in meeting with her correspondent's countryman, WASHINGTON IRVING. Such was the universal tribute abroad.

We have said that it is impossible for any one to convey the *manner* of Mr. IRVING in adverting to an amusing incident, or reciting a brief humorous story. He could do it — but 'there *an end.*' One summer evening we were much admiring several articles of curiosity or *vertu* which were sprinkled about the centre-table of the north parlor: a rosary and crucifix, in wood, carved by a monk, and

brought from the Alhambra, a very beautiful thing, being among the number. While we were admiring this, Mr. IRVING took out from under some papers what looked to us to be nothing less, and nothing *more*, than a handsome carved ivory folder.

'This is one of my rarest curiosities, Mr. C——: what do you suppose that instrument is?'

'It looks like a paper-folder,' we said, 'and a very handsome one.'

'Ah! that's the way in which the most wonderful curiosities are underrated: that, Sir, is *the Dagger that Macbeth thought he saw!* It was presented to me in Scotland by one of his direct descendants!'

As regards the religious life of WASHINGTON IRVING, it is now well established, and was before known to many, that during the later years of his life, he took a devoted, active interest in all which pertains to the Christian life. From his friend and pastor, Rev. Dr. CREIGHTON, the venerable Rector of CHRIST Church at Tarrytown, (whom, on the day of the funeral, we saw at Sunnyside, tearfully regarding the lifeless lineaments of his lamented friend, whose last obsequies he was soon so feelingly and touchingly to perform,) from Dr. CREIGHTON, we gather all this, and even more. Speaking, in a discourse delivered at CHRIST Church the Sunday after Mr. IRVING's funeral, from the sentence in St. PAUL's history, 'Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more,' Dr. CREIGHTON remarked:

'I HAVE often been asked if our deceased friend was a believer in the cardinal doctrines of our holy Christian faith, and I have declared then, as I now declare, that he was. This opinion was founded, not alone on his ordinary language in conversation; not only in his uninterrupted observance of the days and ceremonies connected with the Christian institution—and I have never heard a syllable otherwise from him—but upon a voluntary declaration, for which there was no occasion, except 'that out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' One Sabbath morning he approached me and asked why we could not have the *Gloria in Excelsis* sung every Sunday. I replied that I had no objection, and that there was nothing whatever to prevent it, and at the same time inquired of him: 'Do you like it?' 'Like it! like it!' said he; 'above all things. Why, it contains the sum and substance of our faith; and I never hear it without feeling better, and without my heart being lifted up.' Now, whoever will take the trouble to look at this sublime confession of faith will see that it is nothing but an adoration of CHRIST JESUS our SAVIOUR; the 'LAMB of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' Therefore, when we consider the unobtrusiveness of the character of the deceased, we can only believe that when he thus spake, the view which he expressed was one of the forms of 'sound words once delivered to the saints.'

Dr. CREIGHTON continues to say, that he was not only 'sound in the faith:' he was not only 'a hearer, but a *doer* of the Word:' 'He was not only regular and punctual in his attendance at the church, her communion seasons, etc., but his heart was in the services: it was plain to see and to feel that the hinges of his *spirit* bent down, whenever he kneeled and uttered the voice of prayer.' Charity with him seemed not so much a duty as an *instinct*: 'Every measure for the

amelioration of the condition of the poor and afflicted was sure to meet his approbation. The relief of the poor and needy; the improvement of schools, of chapels, and of churches; was always of the deepest interest, and *especially* interesting to him. His advice and his experience were always readily given whenever required, and his contributions from his purse were always of the most liberal kind. Of the extent of his private charities no man shall know until the day when the SAVIOUR shall declare: 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these little ones, ye did it unto ME.' I have been more than twice the recipient of double the sum asked for, when the occasion was one that recommended itself. In fact, he was one of the few on whom positive dependence could be placed for a favorable answer whenever the application was of a meritorious character.'

WE close this perhaps already too prolonged article with four or five characteristic letters, with reasons assigned for their publication in the few words which precede them. Does not the following, coming now as it were from IRVING'S grave, speak *more* than 'volumes' of the goodness of the heart now lying so cold and still beneath the winter-snows?

'MY DEAR MR. CLARK:

*Sunnyside, Oct. 6th, 1851.*

'I am sorry to say that it is not in my power to act upon your suggestions, being incompetent at present to do justice to such a theme. In the course of a long ride last week through Sleepy Hollow and parts adjacent, my horse came down with me and gave me a fall that sent me home in some such bruised and battered plight as the hero of La Mancha after one of his forays. The same evening I had an attack of intermittent fever, which has hung about me ever since. Between the fall and the fever I am at present good for nothing. I am anxious to know what the COOPER Committee, of which I believe you are one, is doing and when the general meeting is to take place. It ought not to be deferred much longer.

'Whatever tribute to his memory may be determined upon, I trust it will be met by the public with the spirit which animated them in the days of his ripe renown. It has been suggested by some, that of late years he has done much to awaken the hostility of the press; but I trust there is too much magnanimity in the gentlemen of the press to carry their resentment against such a man beyond the grave. With the nation his name will remain a treasured property. His works form an invaluable part of our literature, and from the nature of their subjects are in some measure identified with our political and social history. His 'Leather-Stocking Tales' and his 'Tales of the Sea,' those eminent inventions of his genius, have opened regions of romance which he has made his own. Whoever ventures into them hereafter will be accused of treading in his foot-prints. While an author is living, he is apt to be judged by his last works, and those written by COOPER in recent years have been somewhat cavilled at. When an author is dead, he is judged by his best works, and those of COOPER excited enthusiasm at home and applause throughout the world. When his countrymen would do honor to his memory, let them think of these works.

Yours truly,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.'

WE present the following, *not* because it mentions the naming of a little bantling of ours, ('Pippins and Cheese,' 'Wine and Walnuts,' had been proposed by



our friend PUTNAM,) but for the purpose of asking attention to the characteristic 'Postscript:'

'MY DEAR CLARK:

*Sunnyside, April 10th, 1852.*

'Perhaps the following title for your work may pass muster among 'Wine and Walnuts,' 'Pippins and Cheese,' and other such after-dinner notions:

*Knick-Knacks*

FROM AN EDITOR'S TABLE.

BY L. GAYLORD CLARK.

It is probable something much better may suggest itself to you, or be suggested by some friend: in which case have no hesitation in discarding the above.

'Yours truly,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.'

'P. S.: Young D. WILLARD F——, whom you have so kindly noticed in your last, has been passing the winter at the University of Upsala, attending lectures, etc. His intelligence, assiduity in pursuit of knowledge under all kinds of difficulties, and his surprising acquirements for his years, have gained him great favor among the professors and other learned men. He goes to Denmark in May, and embarks at Copenhagen for Iceland, where he intends to pass the summer. His immediate object is to make himself well acquainted with the languages, literature, history, and traditions of the northern nations, their sagas, etc.; and he is in a fair way of accomplishing it.

'I cannot but contrast the conduct of this poor youth, bravely struggling forward to intellectual eminence, in defiance of poverty and privation, with that of the host of young Americans, spendthrift sons of wealthy fathers, who are wasting time and opportunity, degrading themselves and disgracing their country, amid the enervating and licentious pleasures of Paris. Which of these may be considered a real specimen of '*Young America*?''

This young man, an 'Onondaga boy,' through great privation had early secured to himself an excellent education; yet his aspirations for farther acquisitions had grown into an honorable enthusiasm. He walked on foot from New-York to Sunnyside, to see Mr. IRVING, who persuaded him to stay two or three days. A week or so after this, happening to be at the Cottage, Mr. IRVING mentioned his visit, and the great pleasure which it afforded him. The 'extent and accessibility of general knowledge with him was wonderful in one so young.' He made his own way abroad, greatly aided, we have no doubt, by the advice and letters of Mr. IRVING; and when there, managed by his own exertions to reach the northern region whence his letter was written, and where he prosecuted his studies with such success.

We omit the date to the subjoined note, and the names mentioned in it. It will suffice to say, that it was written more than twenty years ago, and that the principal subject of it was at the time giving performances upon the boards of one of our theatres as a ventriloquist. It may not be amiss to add, that the introductory letter referred to was never received. The whole note is most characteristic:

*Greenburgh, Dec. 21st, 1839.*

'MY DEAR SIR: Your letter dated Monday 15th, with the accompanying MS., did not reach me until last evening, (Saturday.) I have supplied the hiatus in 'Pelayo,'

and will send it to town by a gentleman who goes to-morrow (Monday) afternoon, and who will put it in the post-office.

'The other article for the January number, entitled 'The Bermudas: a Shaksperian research,' must be at the lodgings of my nephew PIERRE, as I left it with his wife just as I was departing from town. It was wrapped up in a parcel with a shirt that was to be sent to the laundress. I hope the ms. may not have gone there too, or I shall be literally 'in the suds.'

'As to Mr. ———, I have heard from one or two other quarters of his surprise and chagrin at my not having noticed a letter of introduction which he says he brought to me from Mr. ———. The simple fact is, I have never received such a letter. It may be sleeping in some out-of-the-way post-office in Westchester county, as is frequently the case of letters addressed to me. The only post-office at which I inquire is that at Tarrytown, and God knows I receive five times as many through that as I care for, or can attend to.

'I have never known any thing of the plan of Mr. ——— until I received the copy you sent me. If you should be in communication with him, let him know these facts; as I would not be on ill terms with a person of his universal acquaintance, wonderful ubiquity, and windy vocation.

'Yours, very truly,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.'

We hope the publication of the annexed note may have *one* good effect: we trust it may remind those thoughtless persons who pour their requests for autographs upon eminent authors, whose hours of leisure are precious, 'golden hours' to themselves, and whose hours of labor are even more so to present as well as future generations, of the extent of the evil which their annoyance creates. When this note was written, Mr. IRVING was daily engaged upon his 'Life of WASHINGTON,' which he lived only just long enough to complete. Think of such a writer, thus engaged, bored to extinction every day by requests for 'his name,' in letters which half-filled his little post-office bag! Nor was this all: as this passage from a letter received the day before the one which ensues, will bear witness: 'I send you a ms. received from a person with whom I am unacquainted. Look over it, and enable me to send him a reply, whether favorable or otherwise. My time is frittered away by correspondence of this kind; and I must beg you to excuse me for making you participate in the bore.'

'MY DEAR MR. CLARK:

*Sunnyside, June 14th, 1855.*

'I thank you for the likeness of WASHINGTON which you have had the kindness to send me. I ought to have acknowledged the receipt of it sooner, but I am hurried just now in preparing a volume for the press; in looking for a pair of horses; and in endeavoring to cope with five dozen 'regular correspondents,' beside a *cloud of applicants for autographs, those pestilent mosquitoes of literature.*

'I shall be happy to see you and Mr. L—— any day that you may feel inclined to make me a visit. My dining-hour is three o'clock, if you will take your chance for family fare. If you send me word beforehand, I will not promise you a better dinner; but that I will be home to eat it with you. With kind remembrance to Mrs. CLARK from 'self and 'daughters,'

'Yours, very truly,

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

WASHINGTON IRVING.'

'Self and daughters' in the above, has allusion to a correspondent of the

'Herald' newspaper, who had seen his nieces at Sunnyside, and mistook them for his children: not unnaturally, perhaps; for they 'loved him as if he were their father;' and nothing that the most watchful, affectionate child could do for a parent did they omit to do for him, to the very moment of his death. The likeness of WASHINGTON, referred to, was a fine photographic copy of SHARPLESS' picture, for which WASHINGTON himself sat—a dignified, natural profile portrait, and in expression much like HOUDON's bust of the GENERAL.

Perhaps the publication of the 'notelet' with which we bring the present article to a close, may prompt the correspondent who sent the 'tome' to us to forward to Mr. IRVING, to give us its title. (Was it 'J. W. B.,' now in Washington?) It was carefully enveloped, and as carefully directed: and as we could not accept, owing to a previous engagement in town, Mr. IRVING's cordial invitation, the 'rummage' was not 'gone into:'

'MY DEAR CLARK:

*Sunnyside, Sept. 18th, 1854.*

'BAYARD TAYLOR dines with me on Wednesday: come over and join us, and we will have a rummage for that 'little, thin, very witty and amusing Spanish duodecimo tome with a brown leather cover,' of which you speak; though I doubt whether there can be such a very peculiar tome in existence.

'Yours very truly,

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

'P. S.: If we find this curious work, had we not better send it to BARNUM's Museum?'

LETTER FROM THE LATE HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON.—In looking recently among our unfiled but well-preserved and cherished letters from personal friend-correspondents of the KNICKERBOCKER, 'if haply we might find' a letter from Judge CHARLTON, of Georgia, 'recapitulating,' as he said, the delight with which he treasured his visit with us to 'Sunnyside,' we chanced upon the following characteristic note, 'dropped' to us from 'Rowland Springs Cass County, Georgia,' toward the last of September, 1846: accompanying a spirited poem on 'LANNES,' sent for our pages:

'I HAD thought, my dear Sir, that I was done with verse for the rest of my life, but the holiday of a few weeks in this mountain region, where the wild Indian so lately roamed, has brought back some faint memories of my romantic days, and I have endeavored to 'woo the coy muse.' She has become so cold, however, from my long neglect of her, that I could coax but little out of her; but I thought that it was due to your long-continued kindness, to send you the little I *did* coax, that you might see that I still hold you in remembrance, and that 'my poverty' of time and rhyme, and not 'my will' has consented to my long silence. I suspect that you will think that I have murdered poor LANNES more effectually than the Austrian cannon did; and that I am making you an accessory after the fact to this posthumous killing: but you can spare some glory from the KNICKERBOCKER.

'You gentlemen of the North can scarcely believe that we have in Georgia so many fine things as are grouped in this region; but it is true, nevertheless, that we have here, within the compass of a few miles, mines of gold, iron, lead, coal; to say

nothing about the diamonds that lie scattered around, and the beautiful scenery spread broad-cast over the land. But I have lingered out my few days of holiday:

‘AND have looked on hill and plain,  
That I ne’er shall see again:’

for I am on my way back to the dust and toil of week-day, work-day life, and to my allotted task of helping to drag the so-called Car of Justice. And so farewell poetry, mountain stream, and woodland nymphs; and come on, ye ill-shapen, strife-begetting demons of the Law! But while you roam through the garden-walks of Literature, cast some passing thoughts on the poor pilgrim, who is struggling with weary steps, over the desert ways of strife. Be thou NAPOLEON still, but forget not LANNES!’

Lamented CHARLTON! — a true Poet, a true Man, a true Friend, an upright Judge, a good Citizen — a ‘TRUE AMERICAN.’

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We regret to see the announcement of the death, at San-Francisco, Cal., of ‘Dow, Jr.,’ of whose *‘Short Patent Sermons,’* continued in *‘The Golden Era,’* we have so recently made mention in these pages. We are sorry to see it stated, that he died under circumstances of great destitution. We never saw him, save on one occasion, and then only for a moment, during his prolonged residence in our city, while he was contributing his ‘Sermons’ to the *‘Sunday Mercury:’* but the quaintness and originality of both his ‘matter’ and his ‘manner’ as a ‘sermonizer,’ always found in us a hearty admirer; and we took not only early but frequent occasion, to bring his literary peculiarities before our readers. A first and second series of his ‘Discourses’ were published in this city; the first of which was flatteringly dedicated to us, as a return for having ‘made the humble preacher famous, as well abroad as at home.’ Poor PAGE! — we grieve to hear of the ‘low estate’ into which he had fallen in the ‘City by the Sea,’ on the shore of the great Pacific! That his odd conceits, and quaint expression of them, continued unabated, take this single passage from the last of his discourses which we have encountered; based upon a text of a verse by Dr. WATTS. He is disagreeing with ‘Brother PAUL’ as to the fact, that a man ‘puts away childish things’ when he ceases to be a child:

‘BROTHER PAUL gives us to understand that when a youth emerges from his chrysalis state into the full bloom of manhood, he ‘puts away all childish things.’ Here we respectfully disagree. In my humble opinion, the youth only lays aside one childish thing in exchange for another. What are two-thirds of the worldly objects which men seek, but mere toys, to gratify their vanity, pride or ambition? A trump of fame is but a penny-trumpet of louder blast and stronger constitution: the patriotic drum that arouses martial enthusiasm, is but an improved specimen of the tiny paste-board affair tunked upon perseveringly between Christmas and New-Year’s: and cannon, muskets, rifles, pistols, and all the dire implements of war — what are they but fruit grown and matured from the germs of childhood? I make a bold assertion, my friends, when I say that nearly all who volunteer to take up arms in support of a contested cause, are not actuated so much by the love of plun-

der as by the excitement, glory and sport of the thing; albeit that sport be indulged in at the very jaws of death. So the child fires his pop-gun, draws his wooden sword, and squeaks his consumptive trumpet, governed by the same impulse, and inspired by similar emotions. Let be said what will be said about maturity putting away all childish things, I have seen white-haired old men who would fain bend the knee and shoot marbles upon the very spot of earth ready to receive them, were it not for the 'rheumatiz,' and the fear that their crutches might be stolen during the pastime.'

There was always a latent vein of strong common-sense running through Dow, Jr.'s lucubrations, which added not a little to their popularity. They were thoroughly original and AMERICAN. - - - '*The Tribune*' of to-day (a 'Happy New-Year' to you, readers, one and all!) has this capital illustration of fine-art appreciation: 'Two very splendidly attired ladies recently made a condescending visit to the studio of one of our distinguished landscapists, and asked the privilege of looking at his pictures. The artist was but too happy to comply with their request, and placed before them a brilliant sunset which he had just finished. His visitors were lavish of those charming epithets which ladies bestow so liberally upon the objects of their admiration. 'Oh! is n't it lovely! How sweet! How natural!' etc. And then, after gazing at the glowing canvas for a few minutes in rapt silence, the lady who had been loudest in expressing her admiration, said, with a *naïveté* which must have penetrated to the very core of the painter's heart: 'Pray, Mr. G —, is it a moonlight?' The artist meekly replied that it was intended for a 'sunset.' 'Oh! indeed!' replied the lady. 'Pray, Mr. G —, which do you think the most difficult to do, pictures in oils or in worsted?' 'Really,' replied the astonished painter, 'I am unable to say, for I have never done any thing in worsted.' 'Ah!' said the lady, 'I find it so difficult in working little dogs to put in the eyes!' This reminds us of an anecdote which the lamented HENRY INMAN used to relate. He was sitting in his studio, then in Murray-street, near Broadway, one morning, when a jaunty-looking young man and woman entered, and 'wanted to see the picture he had painted of S'PHIAR G —, in B — street.' It was unfinished, but was readily shown to them by the always obliging artist. 'Oh! an't that good!—an't that good!—particularly *the comb*! That's S'PHIAR's comb for all the world! I should ha' known it *any* wheres!' The appreciative young lady's companion admitted that it *was* good; and added, flatteringly to the artist: 'After all, paintin' is a *reg'lar trade*, is n't it?' He told his companion, however, that 'the best way to look at a picture, if you wanted to 'throw it off,' is *so*:' and he stooped down and looked up at it through his legs! Some body had probably told him that distance was sometimes given to a landscape by that process! Difference of costume rendered his improved lens unavailable to his companion. - - - Two correspondents, from widely distant regions, north and south, send us the subjoined '*Sayings of Little Children*.' Both are capital. 'The apparent truthfulness and originality which are manifest in your papers scattered over the Editor's Table, regarding the perplexing questions and the unique reasonings of the 'Little Folk,' mark a very distinct contrast to the *manufactured* stuff that so often meets the eye in many other journals: and should you deem the following worthy of a place among your se-

lections, you may rely on its genuineness. HARRY, a 'six-year-old,' a manly little fellow, and remarkable for his candor and his faith in prayer, was told by his Aunt SALLY, that if the snow ceased falling in the afternoon he should take a sleigh-ride with her. The snow continued, accompanied, as the day advanced, with a strong wind, greatly to HARRY's annoyance, as he feared being deprived by it of his promised pleasure. At about two o'clock, Aunt SALLY had occasion to enter the quiet parlor, when to her amazement she beheld HARRY (who had not heard her approach) on his little knees in the beautiful attitude of prayer, and overheard him saying: 'Please, good God, stop it snowing, *just for a little while*, so I can go out riding with Auntie.' Aunt SALLY withdrew without being noticed by him; and presently he entered her room, with his furs and cap, and requested AUNTIE to get ready, for 'he had asked God to stop it snowing,' *and it would stop in a minute.* It *did* 'stop in a few minutes,' and HARRY had his coveted sleigh-ride.' That is the *first* little boy: now for the *second*: 'My dear KNICKERBOCKER, how is it that in our great State they never can settle the question as to the use of the BIBLE in the public schools? Our boy of five (whom you would like if you only knew him) is very fond of hearing the BIBLE read, and his thoughts dwell much on the subjects therein; as witness the following question which he broached at the dinner-table to-day: 'Ma, do the King's chamberlains empty the slops?' - - - SINCE the time that 'JOHN PHENIX' sent us the pictorial GEORGE WASHINGTON, (made by adding a green body, in most uncouth dress, to the green full 'front-view' face of the GENERAL, which constitutes the California postage-stamp,) we doubt if a funnier thing of the kind has been seen, than that which is recorded in the following paragraph:

'On Monday evening 'certain lewd fellows of the baser sort,' who had evidently been imbibing too freely, found themselves near Union Square about ten o'clock. The full moon shining brightly, displayed the statue of the Father of his Country sitting grandly and sedately on his bronze charger, as ever, still pointing to the Church of the Pilgrims, with that significant gesture which seems to indicate that it is only by carrying out the doctrines of true liberty there preached, that the work commenced by him can be finally completed. But the sight of WASHINGTON failed to inspire these graceless revellers with proper emotions of patriotic reverence. On the contrary, they only saw in it an opportunity for a very disreputable trick. Robbing one of their number of his hat and shawl, a couple of the fellows climbed the pedestal by the aid of a ladder found within the inclosure, and sacrilegiously enwrapped the august shoulders with the shawl, and placed the large felt hat upon the stately head. It is a wonder that the statue did not, like its prototype in DON GIOVANNI, frown such a frown, and shake its head in so awful a manner, as to cause the sobered desecrators to lose their hold and fall headlong to the earth. But it appears that no such ghostly manifestation was made, for the fellows descended safely and fled, leaving the image of GEORGE WASHINGTON attired in such guise as he never wore when alive. For some reason, the metamorphose escaped the Argus-eyed policeman in that precinct, and for an hour the passers-by were amazed at the unwonted sight. But at last, either a watchman removed the hat and shawl, or their anxious owner slunk back to recover his garments from the shrine where his companions had placed them. At any rate, the statue was denuded, and looked as cold and metallic as ever, in the clear, icy moon-shine of the mid-night hour.'



*Apropos* of our California caricature of the *Pater Patriæ*: we sent it at the time across the river to Mr. IRVING, who in a note to us expressed himself exceedingly amused at its grotesqueness. 'SQUIBOB' had turned up the grave corners of WASHINGTON's mouth, giving to that feature the most ridiculous smirk, while the body was very short, and the dress terminated over the top of a pair of clumsy English top-boots! - - - How very forcible are these characteristic lines from the German of HEINE! Even while we are copying them, thinking the while of the sad cause of WASHINGTON IRVING's departure, a telegraphic paragraph in the '*Tribune*' of to-day arrests the eye, announcing the instantaneous death, in the street, by disease of the heart, of the venerable and venerated Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia:

'LAY thy hand on this heart of mine, little dear:  
How it knocks in its little chamber! — hear!  
A carpenter dwells there, and cruel is he;  
He's busily making a coffin for me.

'He hammers and knocks by day and by night,  
And long has he put my slumbers to flight:  
O Master Carpenter! hasten and cease,  
That I may be quiet, and sleep in peace!'

You must read this four or five times. - - - THE United States Commissioner of Patents is 'faulty.' His formula for monthly returns from post-masters throughout the Union, upon the following subjects, has almost set our esteemed and witty contemporary, the New-York '*Picayune*,' crazy. 'How it can be expected that there will hereafter be any regularity in the mails, burdened with replies to such queries,' passes that journal's comprehension: 'The blanks for these meteorological reports are to be filled with the latitude, longitude, altitude, and divers other 'tudes, indicating the amount of cloudiness, direction and force of the winds, rain, frosts or snow; time, quantity, depth; thunder-storms, time, motion, direction and effects—the distance of lightning, whether crooked, forked, or straight. Aurora borealis; time, distance, formation, arch, beams, coronna, and divers other runners; such as shooting-stars, solar, lunar halos; parhelia, paraselenes, and all other lenes, except the one on our property. 'Double this by three,' and subtract the 'balance' for earthquakes,' etc. Now these are important inquiries; yet not greatly more so than the following: but we hope to hear them *all* clearly and categorically answered: 'If three men, one of them a colored man, and the other a female, set out simultaneously, which 'll get there first? Required also, from these premises, the time of starting, starting-point, destination, and the 'Natural Number' belonging to the other:' 'Two men, unable to travel, set out on a journey at different times, in company with a third in the same condition. For three hours the first two kept ahead of each other, when, a violent snow-storm arising, all three lost their way. What's required?' 'If a hard knot be tied in a cat's tail, which way, how long, and with what success, will she run after it? Also, who *tied* the knot?' - - - SAY to 'L. G. C.,' (writes 'R. H.,' from Belleville, Illinois, to our publisher, Mr. GRAY,) 'that the beautiful lines copied in his EDITOR'S TABLE, under the title of '*A Little While*,' concerning the authorship of which he makes inquiry, were published some months since in the '*Journal of Commerce*' daily newspaper,

wherein they were credited to the heart and the pen of 'Rev. Dr. BONAR.' It is somewhat singular that I should have had a call, only a few days ago, for a copy of the same touching stanzas, from a 'friend far away' in 'old Massachusetts.' The editor of *'The Beauty of Holiness,'* a meritorious religious journal of our metropolis, with three or four other friendly correspondents, has kindly conveyed to us the same information. At the same time, a friend writes us from Louisville, Kentucky, that the lines are to be found in 'Mrs. WINSLOW's Life,' with the caption, *'Sweet Hope,'* and she sends us a 'correct transcript' of the stanzas, with the recurring last line but one changed according to the title. Surely it must have been a copy, and then must have been an alteration, in the volume referred to: for take the single omitted stanza furnished to us by our correspondent: how much more beautiful it is, than if simple 'hope' were substituted for *'Home!'* Beside, how very touching is the alliterative repetition of the word:

'Beyond the gathering and the strewing,  
I shall be soon:  
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
I shall be soon:  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon:  
Love, rest, and home,  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come!'

Two or three of the correspondents who have written us upon the subject of the lines, *'A Little While,'* send us also other poems from the same pen: of which two, *'The Seen and the Unseen,'* and *'The Rod,'* certainly serve to show that we have in Mr. BONAR a poet of no common merit. From the first-named, the longest, we select the subjoined stanzas:

'WHAT to that for which we're waiting,  
Is this glittering, earthly toy?  
Heavenly glory, holy splendor,  
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy!  
Not the gems that Time can tarnish,  
Not the hues that dim and die;  
Not the glow that cheats the lover,  
Shaded with mortality.  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

'Not the light that leaves us darker,  
Not the gleams that come and go;  
Not the mirth whose end is madness,  
Not the joy whose fruit is woe:  
Not the notes that die at sunset,  
Not the fashion of a day,  
But the everlasting beauty,  
And the endless melody:  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!


'City of the pearl-bright portal,  
City of the jasper wall,  
City of the golden pavement,  
Seat of endless festival;  
City of JERUSALEM, Salem!  
City of Eternity!  
To thy bridal halls of gladness,  
From this prison would I flee!  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

'Ah! with such strange spells around me  
Fairest of what earth calls fair,  
How I need thy fairer image  
To undo the syren snare!  
Lest the subtle serpent-tempter  
Lure me with his radiant lie;  
As if sin were sin no longer,  
Life were no more vanity!  
Heir of glory,  
What is that to thee and me?

'Yes, I need thee, heavenly city,  
My low spirit to upbear;  
Yes, I need thee; earth's enchantments  
So beguile me with their glare.  
Let me see thee, then these fetters  
Break asunder: I am free!  
Then this pomp no longer chains me,  
Faith has won the victory.  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

'Soon, where earthly beauty blinds not,  
Nor excess of brilliance palls,  
Salem, City of the Holy,  
We shall be within thy walls!  
There beside yon crystal river,  
There, beneath Life's wondrous tree,  
There with naught to cloud or sever,  
Ever with the LAMB to be!  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!'

This is very beautiful. - - - 'Behind the Scenes,' in the present number will remind the reader of a remark made by JOHN SANDERSON, in one of his 'Letters from London' to the EDITOR, that 'few things are so *irrepressible* in the minds of most young people, and not unfrequently in the minds of those of 'larger growth,' as the desire to 'go behind the scenes,' and see how those wonderful effects are produced, which so enchant the great audience in front.' But when once seen, the illusion is very quickly dispelled, as our correspondent has graphically shown. You take a glass of porter with RICHARD the Third in his dressing-room, just after he has 'died all over the stage' in his last 'battle of Bosworth field,' and see the paint and perspiration running in streams from his face; or you shake hands with DESDEMONA, before she is half over being smothered to death with a pillow; and you will never desire to do the like again. As to going upon the stage as 'supernumeraries,' the ambition was common among our young bloods at the old PARK THEATRE more than twenty years ago. Moreover, they do the same thing in so staid a city as Boston; a young resident of which town, to whom we have just been reading 'Behind the Scenes,' says that it is a common thing for young fellows of good family, and students from Cambridge, to 'go on' as supernumeraries, taking care of course to thoroughly disguise themselves with false whiskers and rouge. Noble ambition! - - - How it must have stirred the blood of a true English sportsman to read in the Paris correspondence of the London *Times*, this account of the *Sports of the Field of the Emperor of the French at Compiègne*: 'The imperial revels are but stiff, almost lugubrious affairs. The court *fêtes* and court hospitalities are reduced to an affair of grim formality; gentlemen and ladies are invited out in sets to stay a week; each set has the same routine of stiff etiquette to go through; an etiquette as far removed from fun as a funeral is from a frolic; each one has to dress a certain number of times daily, eat a certain number of solemn dinners at the palace, attend a certain number of evening *soirées*, and are treated each to one grand hunt in the forest, on which occasion a melancholy deer is led out solemnly in front of the party by a groom, who *lets him go with a kick, and a kindly hint to take care of himself, which he generally does!* The whole set return to town together on a train furnished by his Majesty; and this seems to be the only piece of fun in the trip.' 'Tantivy! hark forward!' - - - 'Who Are We?' was the subject of a lecture delivered in a crowded hall at the foot of Cedar-Hill, this evening, by JAMES T. BRADY, Esq., the eminent advocate and counsellor of New-York. It was an elaborate and very forcible discussion of what constitutes '*Anglo-Saxonism*,' which was emphatically shown to be at present 'no where,' and where in times past it *had* been, (as such, strictly considered) it was not over-creditable to humanity, in either its character or its deeds. Mr. BRADY's language and elocution were in unexceptionable good taste. He is, as every body knows, a most self-possessed, graceful speaker; and the applause of his audience was hearty and general, to the very close of his lecture. It had no partisan or sectarian bias, and contained not a thought at which any hearer could possibly take offence. The proceeds (for the Church) were unexpectedly large. - - - As *apropos* to a violent far-western revival or camp-meeting scene, described some eighteen

months ago by a correspondent in these pages, a friend at the time, in a private note to the EDITOR, mentioned the following. We omit the intensives: 'GEORGE P —, than whom there does not live a better or nobler man and friend, speaking of these irregular, ill-conducted, and ill-sustained 'revivals,' and wild, inexcusable, *orgie-lous* camp-meetings, said to me, when the first were all 'the rage' among us lately: 'I advise you, if you are any ways skeery, to be careful how you look in on 'em. I wish I may be shot if I did n't get into one once by accident; and the first I knew, I begun to shiver, and get into a cold sweat; my knees sort o' caved, and my eyes begun to give out; and I do believe if they had n't adjourned on me, I should ha' gone under! I had an uncle once in Maryland, who was a fox-hunter — used to hunt Sundays. Once, while out after a fox, he 'accidentally' got into a sort o' camp-meeting; and Sir, they closed on him! — got him in the straw; laid him out as cold as a wagon-tire: never afterward came out of it a sound man: and if you'll believe me, he died good after it. So you see that with me it is a sort of hereditary family tendency!' - - - 'Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible,' judging from large portions of it which we have seen, is a work as rare in value as it is exceedingly cheap in price. No pictorial BIBLE that we have seen, will for a moment compare with it, in the authenticity, number, size, and artistic excellence of its engravings: while the type, large and clear, and the paper, firm and white, upon which it is printed, leave nothing in its execution to be desired. How such a work can be published at *fifteen cents a number*, we confess passes our comprehension. - - -  Read G. Q. COLTON's advertisement of PEALE's 'Court of Death.'

#### New Music.

THE chief appliance necessary for the enjoyment of new music now-a-days is a good piano. It may be found, but not nearly so easily as a poor imitation. A bad piano is a prolonged torment, a good one a perennial delight. There are several makers in New-York from whom a bad piano would be a rarity; but we would specially call the attention of our readers to HAZELTON BROTHERS, 99 Prince-street, New-York, because we have had our latest experience of a good instrument from them. All we have seen of their manufacture have been distinguished by a clear, mellow tone, full and soft, an even touch and a reliable action. In every way they were excellent. If any friend of ours intends buying a piano, by all means let him visit HAZELTON BROTHERS before purchasing. But to our announcements.

FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued *Ettie Lancers*, by HELMSMULLER. *Will you list to me, Willie?* by WALDO ALLEN, a rather pretty love-song. *The Sleighing Glee*, by T. J. COOK. *The Vocal Beauties of Les Vepres Siciliennes*, containing seven arias from that opera. *Souvenirs Styriens*, impromptu pour piano, par J. ASCHER, like most impromptus has been carefully composed; it needs a careful interpreter. *Jack Frost Galop*, by GEORGE W. WARREN. *Germania*, a set of brilliant Waltzes arranged from LABITZKY for two pianos, eight hands, by J. A. FOWLER. For concert or school exhibition purposes this will be useful; it seems to be easy, but the full understanding of an eight-hand score has not been vouchsafed to us.

WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued *Little Ettie's Favorites*, twelve beautiful melodies for piano, by JAMES BELLAK. Little-finger pieces, with fingering marked throughout. *O yes, Thou'rt Remembered*, ballad by FOLEY HALL. *Friendship*, a ballad by J. R. THOMAS. *The Withered Rose*, song by J. R. THOMAS. *Loving Hearts at Home*, by J. R. THOMAS, a most beautiful ballad. The composer is well known as a finished vocalist as well as composer: we have heard him sing this song exquisitely.